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Back cover, Number 13 at Hialeah, by **Chris Achilleos**

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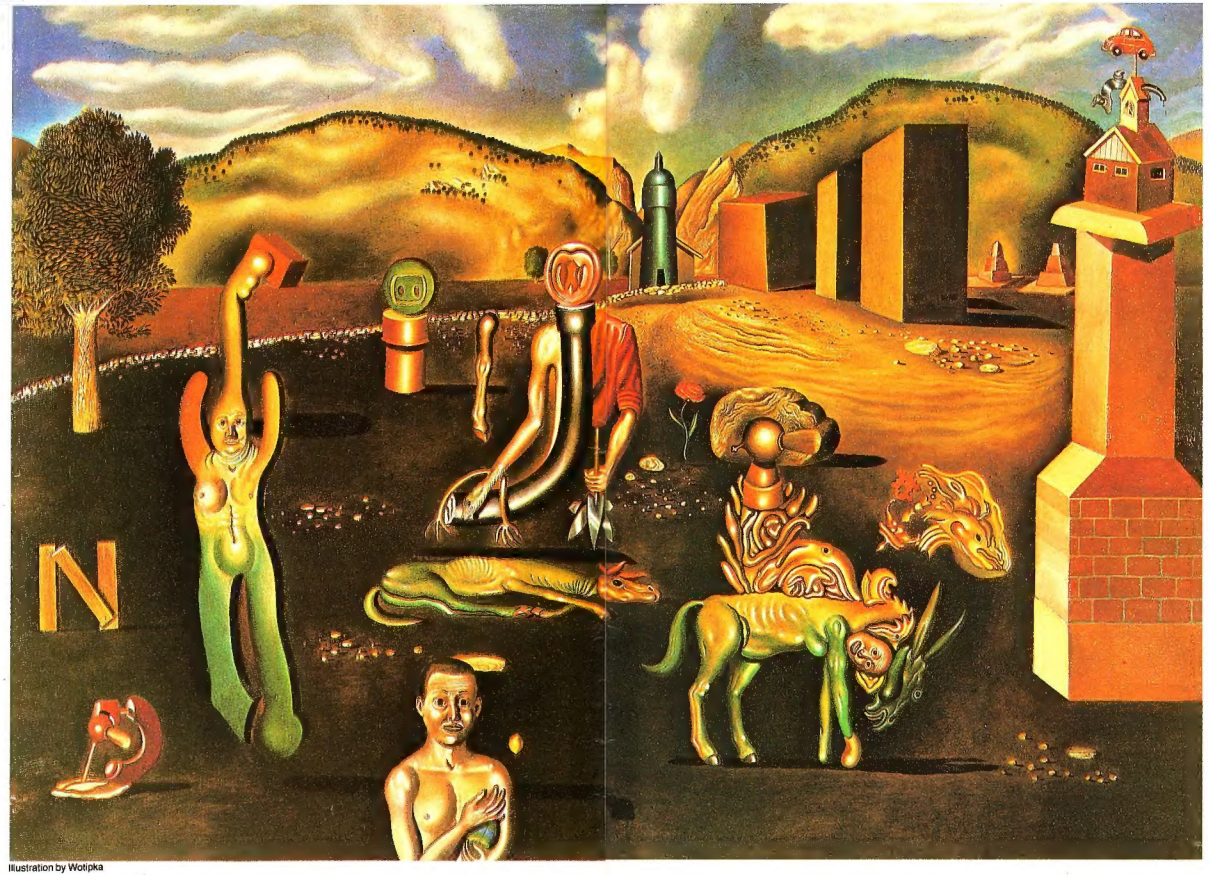

Illustration by Wotipka

. . .FORTY-FOUR. . .

While *HM*'s obvious overseas connections are to France and Europe, another connection has also developed—with Japan.

Last March we published Shinobu Kaze's "Violence Becomes Tranquility," a submission that came in "over the transom," in traditional editorial parlance—that is, unsolicited.

Within a very short time we were receiving phone calls from Tokyo concerning our readership's reactions to Mr. Kaze's story, and soon thereafter a variety of visiting Japanese editors and artists began dropping by our offices. As a direct consequence of that, photos of us began appearing in Japanese magazines as diverse as *Young Jump* and *Illustration*.

Hiroko Tanaka, the attractive young editor of *Illustration*, paid us a visit late in the spring and gave us a copy of her fifth issue, in which one of the features was "How to Draw Sexy Robot" by Hajime Sorayama, a step-by-step illustrated feature describing the way this airbrush wizard built up a stunning illustration layer by layer to its final chromium perfection. Thumbing through the issue while we talked, I found myself returning over and over again to Sorayama's feature, despite the many other excellent portfolios and features on artists in *Illustration*. Hiroko obviously noticed my enthusiasm for Sorayama's work.

Not long after her return to Japan, Ms. Tanaka wrote to me and enclosed with her letter a transparency of a new Hajime Sorayama piece—complete with our logo! Well, you're ahead of the story now—you've already seen this issue's cover, another "sexy robot" by Sorayama. It hardly needs to be said that we bought the piece.

To cap things off, Maurice Horn takes us on a tour of Japanese comics in his Comix Int'l. column this issue, opening American doors to the works of a country from which we expect to hear much more.

—Ted White

Hold on a minute! Axle and Musky will not return this issue in "What Is Reality, Papa?" as previously planned. They're stuck at customs—somewhere between Orly Airport and JFK. Could it be dope smuggling? Inadequate visa certification? Pets must be quarantined? Catch them in December! That's a promise!

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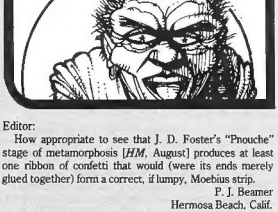

Editor:

How appropriate to see that J. D. Foster's "Phouche" stage of metamorphosis [*HM*, August] produces at least one ribbon of confetti that would (were its ends merely glued together) form a correct, if lumpy, Moebius strip.

P. J. Beamer
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

How,

I can't believe it! Paul Kirchner finally gets some recognition from the readers of *HM*. I'm glad to see a fellow Texan has snapped to Kirchner. Mr. Cummins's letter in your September issue is a welcome sight. The steady flow of Kirchner's "The Bus" keeps me buying your magazine, and his rare full-color stories (such as "The Hive" and "Shaman") make those issues real special. What I'd like to see is "Dope Rider." How come it never appears in your magazine? *Keep up the Kirchner!*

"Mr. X"
Baytown, Tex.

High Times *magazine has first claim on "Dope Rider," but if they ever relinquish it, you'll see it here! —TW*

Dear Eds:

An expression of appreciation for Bilal's "Progress!" and its evocation of the gloomy beauty of Finisterre, its ancient menhirs and *calvaires* and traditional women's *dentelle* coifs. The old man is a striking embodiment of the sometimes primitive and always stubbornly independent spirit of the people there, and the religion depicted in the strip is a fine representation of the peculiar Breton combination of paganism and Christianity, from the remnants of the magic of the Druids to the depressing haven for the infirm at Ste. Anne-d'Auray and the eerie statue of Notre Dame des Naufrages at Pointe du Raz. *Un verre de Calvados à la santé du bon Bilal! Prosit!*

Prof. R. Ziegler
Butte, Mont.

Dear Sirs,

A kosher kosmos?

Mayerick's "Pause That Refreshes" just wiped me out—and I'm not even into karate! You can run idyllic sex fantasies like that until the heat death of the universe, as far as I'm concerned. "Champakou" was great, too.

But one marginally relevant thing perplexes me. Why is almost every naked male critter on your pages circumcised? Present-day Americans I can understand; until recently it was all but universal here too (I escaped by the skin of my, er, teeth; that's why I notice). But clones in "The Hive"? "Den"? Monsters in remote galaxies? Robots, for heaven's sake (for medical reasons with sterile tin snips, or ritually with a consecrated can opener)? And now "Reptilangelo" 's David (*Michael*angelo went the other way and his original isn't circumcised, though the historical David would've been, of course, and the cheap replicas usually are).

I know I'm hung-up and like to be reassured that I'm not a freak, but are you denying me this in order to cater to some wish on the part of readers that circumcision should be the natural order of things?

Simon Cary
Wellington, N.Z.

Well, Simon, it's like this: several years ago we read a report that stated that uncircumcised males run a great risk of penile cancer, and that their female lovers run a great risk of cervical cancer, so we put out a memo to all our contributors to make sure their males were all circumcised, with which they have, to a man (!), cooperated. Or maybe we've all been culturally brainwashed. Take your pick. —TW

Dear Mr. White,

You must admit, your new format has certainly created a lot of controversy. Whether that's good or bad depends on your point of view, I suppose. Some people would say that the columns war has animated your readers like never before, but I would have to side with those who feel that any division among the ranks of one's supporters is ill-advised and bad business. So long as the columns remain, people like myself will continue to pester you about them, and people like Alan Nordmark (in the August Chain Mail) will rally 'round your banner, driving a wedge between a once united readership (well, almost united . . . you can't please *everybody*). People used to write in and bitch at the management, which is completely normal for any publication. Now, however, we're writing in to criticize each other, and that's a nasty turn of events.

Imagine what new readers must think, seeing fellow fantasy fans calling one another names, and not for any SF-related reason, but because of editorials and reviews pertaining to music and underground comic books and the like. This controversy won't die down by itself. In fact, it'll probably mutate and multiply right out of control unless *you* do something. Why you? You started it, right? So you should see to the solution of this increasing hostility.

Rick Wernli
Little Falls, N.J.

Let me get this straight, Rick. We decided to make a few changes in HM, *and you wrote in to complain.* That *was all right ("completely normal"). Then some of our other readers disagreed with you and said so.* That *you object to ("a nasty turn of events"). Come on, Rick! Take your medicine like a man and don't whine about "fellow fantasy fans calling one another names" just because your ox got gored. Fantasy fans have been expressing individual attitudes and ideas and getting into arguments with each other since the publication of the first fantasy magazine* (Weird Tales) *nearly sixty years ago. My job is to act as referee and keep things from getting out of hand, not to turn this column into an expression of sweetness and light (or purely "bitch[es] at the management"). —TW*

Dear Heavies:

Lou Stathis always did write kinda weird, if you know what I mean ("trok," "mutick," stuff like that), but I can't believe he really wrote the twisted syntax that opens his September column. Come on—who goofed?

Ron Archer
Falls Church, Va.

You're right; it's not Lou's fault. The line that appeared in the September HM *as "Ralph's first non-Residential release (not counting a small-run single from 1976) by a loon named Schwump came in 1978, with Snakefinger's single . . ." should have read: "Ralph's first non-Residential release (not counting a small-run single from 1976 by a loon named Schwump) came in 1978 . . ." Lou's column seems to have been the victim of more glitches than the rest of the magazine; in the August issue the line that was printed as "Reference points abound, but the Residents don't lose themselves in replicatory exhibitionism, vomiting out undigested influences and making the excreta for fresh food . . ." should have read "mistaking" instead of "making." In the September column, "The only emotions I am able to read are either a distant, trancelike pleasure . . ." was somehow typographically transmuted into "trancelike leisure," and ". . . some traces of the band's 1978 Ultravox period" was somehow jumped forward to 1979. Apologies to all. —TW*

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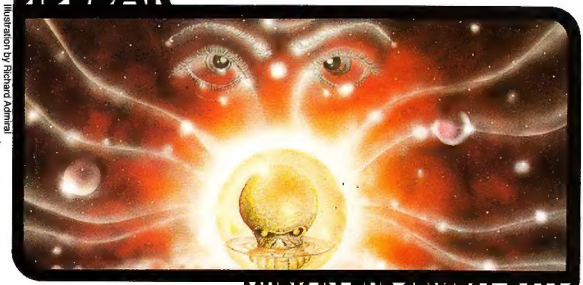

Illustration by Richard Kriman

MURK IN THE CRYSTAL BALLS
by Robert Silverberg

"What we build here is a community dedicated to the abolition of uncertainty, the absolute elimination of doubt," a character of mine once declared in a novel called *The Stochastic Man*. "Ultimately we will lead mankind into a universe in which nothing is random, nothing is unknown.... We'll teach humanity to taste the sweet comfort of the foreordained. And in that way we'll become as gods."

I wrote it. But I don't believe it. ("The opinions expressed in this book," as Arthur C. Clarke once said in connection with *Childhood's End*, "are not those of the author.") I think that to know the details of the future down to the last curlicue would be not only psychologically unhealthy but downright boring. I think that the character who sang that little hymn to precognition in my novel was flat out of his mind by the time he reached that stage of the story. And I think that people who expect to find actual and literal examples of prophecy in the pages of science-fiction works are making a big mistake.

In the outside world, SF writers are frequently thought to be prophets. Whenever I'm interviewed by mainstream journalists, I'm asked if I can predict the future, and, if so, whether I mind rattling off a few nifty prophecies. On a number of pleasant occasions large corporations or advertising agencies have given me hefty fees to hear my views about the future, and a lot of your other favorite science fictionists have picked up heavy loot doing the same gig. And even in ordinary social contexts, such as local parties where people have discovered that I'm the Silverberg who writes all those peculiar books, my words tend to be received as though they have oracular significance.

That's all very flattering. I *do* have ideas about the shape of the future, obviously, and I govern many of my political and financial decisions by them, and when asked to share those ideas with others I'll gladly do it. I think they are pretty sound ideas, because I regard myself as a bright guy who does careful research. But I don't have the illusion that being a successful science-fiction writer makes me an infallible prophet. What I am—what Heinlein is, what Asimov is, what Frank Herbert is—is a close observer of trends and human nature, and a pretty shrewd guesser. And that's all.

The record of science fiction as prophecy is, in fact, abysmal—at least in terms of specific and utilitarian prophecy. Jules Verne wrote a novel in the nineteenth century that described a trip to the moon in a spaceship shot out of a giant cannon, but merely predicting that mankind would voyage to the moon had zilch value as prophecy. Verne's novel didn't really suggest ways of going about getting there (ballistic missiles couldn't do the trick) and didn't give any real hint of the social, scientific, or financial consequences of such a voyage. It just postulated a voyage to the moon—clever, diverting fantasy.

Of course, Verne was a primitive in our profession. What about Heinlein? He's the canniest of us all when it comes to a knowledge of how things work and how they're likely to work. In 1950, Heinlein's *Destination Moon* offered his most carefully considered notion of how a moon voyage would unfold. Heinlein gave us an atomic-powered rocket ship of single-stage design built by a medium-sized independent corporation out on the Mojave. When the Atomic Energy Commission refuses to allow the rocket builders to test their engine, they decide to blast off at once, without having had any sort of trial run and without even having trained a crew. Overnight a crew is assembled; the ship takes off, and it streaks toward escape velocity. When a navigational problem turns up, it gets solved with a slide rule and an adding machine. And

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MUZICK

Lou Stathis

The griddle-hot concrete beneath my feet is melting the rubber soles of my sneakers and viciously charring the tender skin around my toes. It's summer in Washington, D.C., and according to reliable native sources, July is always this bad here. Yeah, well, maybe...but I can't help thinking that someone's gone out of his way this weekend to make my visit here a lousy one. This foray deep into the tropics south of Staten Island has been undertaken so that I may visit with the Urban Verbs, a band I've come to like very much—who for some unknown goddamn reason actually *live* in this hellish place.

D.C. ain't known as one of your hot rock-'n'-roll burgs, like NYC or Detroit or even Lubbock, Texas. It's a quiet sort of place, smugly innocuous, more a town than a city (shuts down early; sparse indigenous culture) and sports a population divided between a transitory mass of government professionals and ghettoized blacks (mostly the latter). And weird ghettos they are, too. Not like NYC's bombed-out-Berlin grim zones, but quasi-pleasant,

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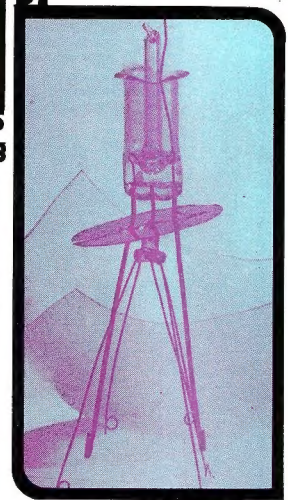
SF



Steve Brown

Within the mind of the average reader, two of the best-defined genres of fiction are SF and the mystery. However, critics and writers have been squabbling over the definitions and parameters of the two fields since their origins, and will probably do so forever.

The most important difference between the two is the author's motive. The SF novel usually contains a disguised idea, or physical process, that the protagonist (and the reader) must discover or understand. The mystery novel involves a search for a human being or the solution of a psychological puzzle. SF has rarely been known as a medium for exploring human foibles and defining relationships (with the usual 5 percent rate of exception), while the classic mystery novel is concerned with describing a web of relationships under stress. To figure out the solution to the crime, it is necessary to examine closely the emotional interweavings among everyone involved. The final definition of relationship describes the crime and identifies the criminal.

The SF mystery is a far more rigorously defined form than either genre taken by itself. The mystery reader is comfortably familiar with the world in which the story is set. The world of the SF novel is unknown and must be explained as the book progresses. This leads to a dangerous trap when an author combines the two fields. If he is making up the entire landscape and society in which the crime was committed, it is tempting for him to insert an

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COMIX

Jay Kinney

If you've read any underground comix over the past ten years, there's a good chance you may have noticed a label on the cover or a credit line inside proclaiming affiliation with the UCWA, the United Cartoon Workers of America.

This semimythical organization was the underground cartoonists' union—a union with no dues, no officers, no membership cards, no union hall, no contracts, and ultimately, alas, no clout. It's too bad, really, because it didn't start out that way.

As I've noted in previous installments of this column, 1970 was a banner year for UG comix. At least two new UG publishers and several major UG titles (including *Skull*, *Slow Death*, and *Young Lust*) were founded that year, which helped build momentum. In addition to drawing these comix, the cartoonists found that they served as a ready talent pool to be called upon by a spate of new, slick, countercultural publications that began appearing in late 1970. As the sixties UG papers started their slow trek to oblivion, more commercial magazines—like the full-color *Earth* magazine and the tabloid *Organ*—jumped in to fill the gap. Comix were hip, and even if they couldn't tell cartoonist A from cartoonist B, the new publications seemed enthusiastic about using some of them.

With these new opportunities arising, some SF cartoonists—Spain and Trina, in particular—began to argue for forming a cartoonists' union, which could help protect the artists from getting ripped off. After throwing the idea around for months, they called an initial meeting at Spain's house soon after Thanksgiving 1970. Naturally, most of this first meeting was devoted to a discussion of what to call the would-be union. They laid plans for a second meeting down at Rip Off Press on December 7, in order to vote on a name, a manifesto, and a possible affiliation with the IWW, the radical Industrial Workers of the World. It was at this second meeting that the peculiar nature of the UGer's situation really became apparent.

Trade unions are based on the assumption that there is a natural opposition between the interests of workers and those of their bosses. Businesses tend to maximize profits at the expense of their employees, causing workers to (sometimes) band together in self-defense. Hence unions, written contracts, and strikes. However, UG cartoonists were free-lancers all, bouncing back and forth among comix publishers—most of which were little more than "Ma and Pa" outfits. UG finances were so marginal anyway that artists and publishers seemed to be underpaid partners in foisting strange fantasies and visions upon the wider world. No one was getting rich—so why bitch? Roger Brand, editor of *Real Pulp Comics* and *Tales of Sex and Death*, was the most vocal proponent of this antiunion view—not only did he see no need for the

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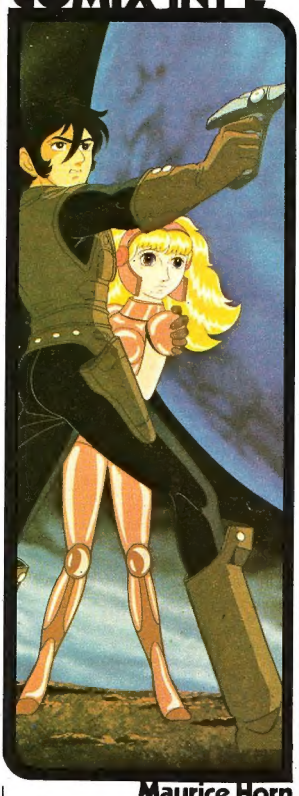
COMIX INT'L



Maurice Horn

For a long time the comics have been regarded as a predominantly Western phenomenon. This view is now being seriously challenged by the rise—in both quantity and quality—of Japanese comic art. Indeed it is quite possible that Japan has now outdistanced the United States in the production of comics, just as they have outstripped us in the production of automobiles. Unlike Japanese cars, however, Japanese comics have never been exported to any great extent, owing to the twin barriers of language and culture. Yet there exists an impressive body of highly polished, daringly original comic features "made in Japan," and any serious discussion of

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FLIX

illustration by Mike Ploog

Bhob

Heavy Metal *on Film*

Eighty percent of the storyboards for the *Heavy Metal* animated movie have been completed as I type. By the time you read this, it will be in active production, with hundreds of animators toiling away. Budgeted at $7.3 million, the film is currently scheduled for a July or August 1981 release date.

Since *Heavy Metal—The Motion Picture* (that's *not* the title!) was first mentioned in *Heavy Metal—The Magazine*'s July 1978 editorial (and then heralded once again in Sean Kelly's May 1979 editorial), some of you out there must be having anxiety attacks by now, wondering exactly what's in store. Well, it sounds delicious, I can tell you that: half is new, original material, and the other half is adapted directly from the pages of *HM*. A guarantee that the film will maintain a fidelity to the magazine is the simple fact that the executive producer is Leonard Mogel, *HM*'s publisher. Steering the Heavy Metal Animation Company in Montreal is the film's director, Gerald Potterton of Potterton Productions, an outfit responsible for outstanding animation in the past. The music—hang on for this one!—is being handled by one of the top record-producing talents, Bob Ezrin, who's produced for Roberta Flack, Alice Cooper, Kiss, and Lou Reed. His most recent top-of-the-charts success was *The Wall*, the number-one disc set that cued "Pink Floyd *The Wall*" graffiti

on walls all over the U.S. and was banned in South Africa after it led to confrontations between police and demonstrators supporting striking students. As Len Mogel outlined it to me, "Ezrin will put together the musical groups for the movie, and that is a big asset, having him behind it, because of his creative ability and his credibility with the groups. Our plan is to have totally original music composed and performed by superstar groups."

Other incidental music is by composer-arranger Elmer Bernstein, who revolutionized the use of jazz in films when he wrote, in 1955, his electrifying and screaming "sinister jazz" score for a rotten movie, *The Man with the Golden Arm*. Over the past thirty years Bernstein has scored such films as *True Grit*, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, *The Ten Commandments*, *Hud*, and many more (including even the 1953 *Cat Woman of the Moon*).

The basic premise of the *Heavy Metal* movie is to present more than half a dozen different stories in an anthology format. This structure will roughly approximate what you get in any typical issue of *HM*—only expanded to giant-screen proportions. (But then, how many giant screens are left these days?) Other bridging material links these stories together.

The film's coproducer is Ivan Reitman, who coproduced the trend-setting *National Lampoon's Animal House* (1978) together with *HM*/*NatLamp*'s Matty Simmons. Reitman, who also directed the improvised *Cannibal Girls* (1972) and the 1979 comedy *Meatballs*, describes the format this way: "Although there are individual segments, these are worked in on a common theme, so you get the sense that you're watching a continuous movie. It's not like six people do six films that we stick together. It's all fairly interwoven. There may be a couple of smaller bridge pieces that are not set as yet."

Different segments have been assigned to various animation houses located in London, Montreal, and Ottawa—so each story is certain to display its own unique art style. Initially the whole film was to have been created at Halas & Batchelor, the forty-one-year-old British animation studio best-known for its 1954 feature-length adaptation of George Orwell's *Animal Farm*, but this plan was scuttled and revamped. Reitman told me, "Halas & Batchelor was involved in the project prior to my being involved. They had done a lot of preliminary work on 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous,' which I got to see, and it was very impressive. They will be animating two segments in the film."

Even with the budget escalating upward (with $5 million tacked on to the original $2.7 million), the question remains: will the movie *look* like the magazine? (I thought you'd never ask.) If this is a problem, it will certainly become less of one through the efforts of the associate producer, Michael Gross, the former *NatLamp* art director. Writing about Gross in *New Times*, Thomas Carney stated: "One of the few things that everyone connected with the magazine *[NatLamp]* can agree on is that Gross was the doctor who delivered the baby. He was the one who made the *Lampoon* into a magazine, because it was through him that ideas which had been strictly verbal began to get visual." Len Mogel defined Gross's new job: "He is the liaison between the artists, the artwork, and the animators. Although he recently moved to California, he will be practically living in Canada for a full year. He will see that we have the faithfulness of the drawing in the animation."

Wrightson Animated

So now, if you're ready for a briefing on the stories you'll be seeing, gather 'round. Maybe you'll want to crack open those glistening, albino-vinyl binders on your shelf, turn to the appropriate pages in your *Heavy Metal* hymnals, and follow with me. If not, just lie limp . . . .

Berni Wrightson's fandom will be elated to learn that the film will include (from *HM*'s June 1980 issue) "Captain Sternn," Wrightson's BLAM!POW!SA-MASH!BA-DOOM!KA-CHUNG!SKRUUNNCHing evocation of the early *Mad* comics—with the muscle-bulging Hanover Fiste's paroxysm of ultradestruct aboard a space satellite. Bringing movement to "Captain Sternn" are Paul Sabella and Julian Szuchopa of Boxcar Films Ltd. in Montreal. Formed in 1974, Boxcar has made over forty of the animated shorts seen on *Sesame Street*, in addition to scores of commercials for Quebec/Ontario/British Columbia TV. Sabella and Szuchopa have also contributed to many of Gerry Potterton's half-hour TV specials, and, in fact, they began their careers in 1968 as animators on Potterton Productions' *Tiki-Tiki* (1970), a feature combining live action and animation to tell the story of a Hollywood gorilla producer and a monkey director making a big-budget musical.

If "Captain Sternn" puts you in orbit, more down to Earth is the "Soft Landing" of the auto dropped from NASA's *Enterprise*. When "Soft Landing" appeared in *HM*'s September 1979 issue, it was illustrated by Thomas Warkentin from a concept by *Alien* screenwriter Dan O'Bannon (who also wrote, you'll recall, "The Long Tomorrow" for Moebius back in the July/August 1977 issues). The film version of "Soft Landing" (only two minutes of the total running time) will emanate from Montreal's Michael Mills Productions. Born in London on January 14, 1942, Michael Mills began as an assistant animator at the age of seventeen, animated two hundred commercials between 1960 and 1965, did special fx for *Kiss of the Vampire* (1963) and *The Sword of Lancelot* (1963), and directed the 1964–65 "Lone Ranger" TV series for Halas & Batchelor. He too did animation for *Tiki-Tiki*. After his Darwin-gone-daffy depiction of *Evolution* (1971) was nominated for an Oscar, Mills (who became a Canadian citizen in 1973) directed, coproduced, and scripted (from Oscar Wilde) the prize-winning *Happy Prince* (1974) for American TV.

Back out in the cosmos, there's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," Angus McKie's splendiferous foray into philosophical humor—and undoubtedly an apogean interlude in the *Heavy Metal* movie, as McKie's human hitchhikers have awesome encounters of every kind while taking a stellar excursion from Earth to the edge of the galaxy. The tightly rendered "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" pages arrived at the *HM* offices from England in 1978, and the story was serialized beginning in October of that year, eventually reaching its staggering, mind-wrenching conclusion (June 1979) inside the brain of a giant robot. After the last installment, McKie's seven episodes were immediately collected that summer into a sixty-four-page *Heavy Metal* book. As former *HM* editor Sean Kelly noted in the intro to that book, "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" seems to begin where Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (in its original 1977 form) ended. McKie is down as an active participant on the *HM* film, doing the backgound paintings for his segment and thereby assuring an allegiance to the print original. This is one of the two segments still being done by Halas & Batchelor. Through the years, Halas & Batchelor, in addition to their hundreds of TV commercials and educational/promotional/scientific/industrial films, have introduced many innovative ideas to animation—such as the first feature-length animated opera, Gilbert and Sullivan's *Ruddigore* (1966), directed by Joy Batchelor. And John Halas is no stranger to SF fantasy, since he worked as an assistant to George Pal from 1928 to 1931 and, in 1964, directed the film portions of the SF "screen-stage play" *Is There Intelligent Life on Earth?*, about three Martians who head for home after they get a good look at life on this planet. Combining live onstage actors, animation, live-action film, and special fx, *Is There Intelligent Life on Earth?* was first presented in London, followed by a shortened version seen at the 1964–65 N.Y. World's Fair. Past fantastic animation from H&B has included the animated puppets of *Figurehead* (1953), in which a mermaid falls in love with a ship's figurehead; traffic jams involving self-reproducing cars in *Automania 2000* (1963); and *To Our Children's Children's Children* (1970), back-lit visual abstractions of pure color to music by the Moody Blues. More recently, at the 1980 Zagreb Animation Fest, Halas was a third-prize winner in the "films from twelve to thirty minutes" category with *Autobahn*, a view of futuristic highways. Halas & Batchelor also coproduced (with Zagreb Films and Bob Godfrey Films) the 1980 Academy Award–nominated *Dream Doll*, about a lonely man in love with an inflatable sex doll.

Somehow, I Don't Think We're in Kansas, Toto

Reaching back to the beginning of this magazine's three-and-a-half-year run, Halas & Batchelor will also breathe life into Richard Corben's "Den," the tale of David Ellis Norman's journey from Kansas to the desert ruins of Neverwhere and his fight for survival against the savage inhabitants and beasts of that world. The "Den" saga has such a long and confusing history that I asked Rich Corben to straighten it out for me; but even he admits, "It's the most complicated business dealing I've ever had. 'Den' first appeared in an underground comic called *Grim Wit*. That must have been around 1973. That became the first sixteen pages of 'Den.' Then it was picked up by *Metal Hurlant*, and I agreed to do some more to add to the story."

Corben stories began appearing in *Metal Hurlant* with its debut (1975) issue; "Den" started in *MH* #3, continuing through 1975–76. "It went off and on for a while. I had some business problems with *Metal Hurlant*, so I didn't finish it for them. By the time *Heavy Metal* got it, it was pretty much settled how it was going to end." *Heavy Metal*'s serialization of "Den" ran a little over a year—beginning in *HM*'s first issue (April 1977) and concluding with "Den's Farewell" in the April 1978 issue. In 1978 the "Den" serial, minus "Den's Farewell," was reprinted, along with a Fritz Lieber intro, in the 112-page softcover book *Neverwhere* (available, if you're over eighteen, from Bud Plant, Box 1886, Grass Valley, CA 95945).

Got all that? Well, go back two paragraphs and memorize it, because there may be a test later.

So what, you ask, are the *new* stories in the *HM* film? Your admission ticket will entitle you to a rubber-squealing ride—in a segment entitled "Harry Canyon"—by "a taxi driver in the futuristic New York City." "Harry Canyon" (which originally had the working title "The New York Mystery") is being animated at Ottawa's Atkinson Film-Arts Ltd., where Vic Atkinson, a twenty-five-year veteran of the British/Canadian film industries, has produced films for clients as diverse as the U.S. Navy and Xerox in the U.S. to the CBC and the Victorian Order of Nurses in Canada—everything from documentaries, special fx, and cartoon and table-top animation to diagrammatic animation on scientific, medical, and technical subjects. The screenwriters of "Harry Canyon" are Dan Goldberg and Len Blum (who coscripted *Meatballs* with Janis Allen and Harold Ramis), and the visuals for this segment are being created by the Spanish comic-strip artist Juan Giminez.

Another new Goldberg/Blum character is Taarna, described by Reitman as "a gorgeous woman, the last of a warrior race. She's involved in a long history, and that is the longest story in the film. Although the 'Taarna' story is one that sort of goes through the entire film, that's not really the linking device." As for the exact nature of this linking device, we're remaining mum. After all, you have to keep something secret or where's the fun in going to see the movie? Potterton is animating "Taarna," with Michael Mills staging the "Destruction of the Barbarian" sequence (part of the "Taarna" story).

In-Flight Movie

"Gremlins," scripted by Dan O'Bannon, is perhaps the most intriguing of the new stories. During World War II, "the gremlins have got into it" was a catchphrase in common usage among RAF and USAF bomber crews. Referring to unexplainable minor problems with aircraft instruments, motors, and machine guns, the expression was used for the purpose of minimizing the difficulties. Back on the home front, gremlins immediately entered popular folklore, as noted in B. A. Botkin's *A Treasury of American Folklore* (Crown, 1944): ". . . The so-called lively arts—jazz, vaudeville, burlesque, comic strips, animated cartoons, pulps—often have a folk basis or give rise to new folk creations, such as Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. Many of the innovations of popular lore are associated with new inventions: e.g., the Ford joke and the gremlins." At National Periodicals (D.C.), Woody Gelman did the 1945–46 scripts/layout for "Gup the Gremlin." Earlier, in animation, it was Warner Brothers' Bob Clampett who gave gremlins their biggest boost. In order to glean more lore I spoke with Clampett: "When I started the first cartoon about them [the 1943 *Falling Hare*], as I remember, I had just read in the newspaper about fliers talking about gremlins; some of my friends were fliers in the air force, too. I also started a film called *Gremlins from the Kremlin*, which they made me change to *Russian Rhapsody* [1944]. Disney was planning to make a feature-length film about gremlins, but they never did. When Warners announced that we were going to call ours *Gremlins from the Kremlin*, I think they called Warners and asked if we'd mind leaving out the word *'gremlins'*, because it might hurt their business." The gremlins attacking Hitler in *Russian Rhapsody* are actually caricatures of Clampett and other WB animators.

Several years ago, O'Bannon worked the WWII aviation lore into a treatment for a screenplay to be entitled *Gremlins*, but instead of going into production, the story went into O'Bannon's filing cabinet. It has been rewritten for the *HM* movie.

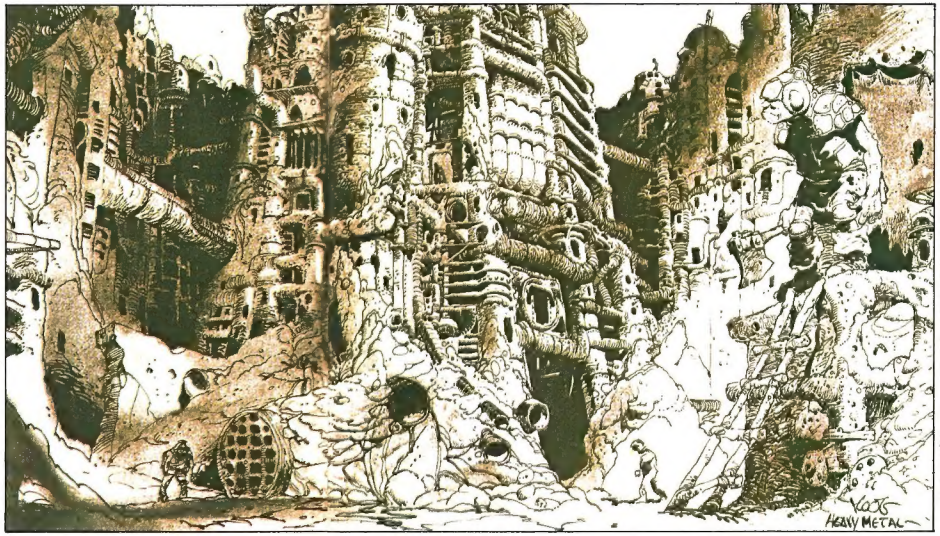
Character designs for "Gremlins" are by the Eisner-influenced Mike Ploog, who has freelanced comic-book art over the past decade for Warren (*Creepy*), Seaboard (*Luke Malone*), and Marvel (*Planet of the Apes*), while devising layouts and character designs for Filmation, Hanna-Barbera, Sanrio (*Winds of Change*), and Bakshi (*Wizards*). Animation for "Gremlins" is also being done through Atkinson Film-Arts in Ottawa.

So there you have it. Except for more than a few surprises that are being kept under wraps (by armed security dogs with a platoon of leashed attack guards), that's it: your incomplete program-guide lineup for *Heavy Metal*, a movie that obviously requires an unusual directorial vision. Gerry Potterton is uniquely suited for this task, having worked on both comedy and drama in shorts and features, both live-action and animated. He even combined all these forms when he adapted the non sequitur situations of English playwright Harold Pinter into the acclaimed hour-long TV special *Pinter's People* (1970), winner of two Chicago Film Fest awards plus the Special Jury Prize at Annecy. Potterton has been involved with cartooning and film all his life. Born in London, he spent part of his youth at England's Ealing/Elstree studios as a juvenile actor before studying at London's Hammersmith College of Art and serving in the RAF. After work as an *Animal Farm* trainee animator, he moved to Canada in 1954, doing a thirteen-year stint at the National Film Board of Canada. He directed Buster Keaton on one of Keaton's last comedy shorts, *Railroader* (1965), and formed Potterton Productions in 1968, directing *Tiki-Tiki* and producing many TV commercials. He wrote and directed the offbeat *Rainbow Boys* (1973), a sort of comedic *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, about a hippie freak from Flatbush (Don Calfi) teaming with an eccentric English expatriate (Donald Pleasence) to hunt gold in British Columbia. After *Child under a Leaf* (1974), starring Dyan Cannon, Potterton produced a memorable series of animated fantasy TV specials (*The Remarkable Rocket*, *The Selfish Giant*, *The Little Mermaid*) made in association with *Reader's Digest*. He also served as the sequence (and co-associate) director on the 1977 *Raggedy Ann and Andy* animated feature. And he's a three-time Academy Award nominee (*My Financial Career*, *Christmas Cracker*, *Selfish Giant*).

So, you see, you can relax now. Nothing to worry about. It's all in capable hands.

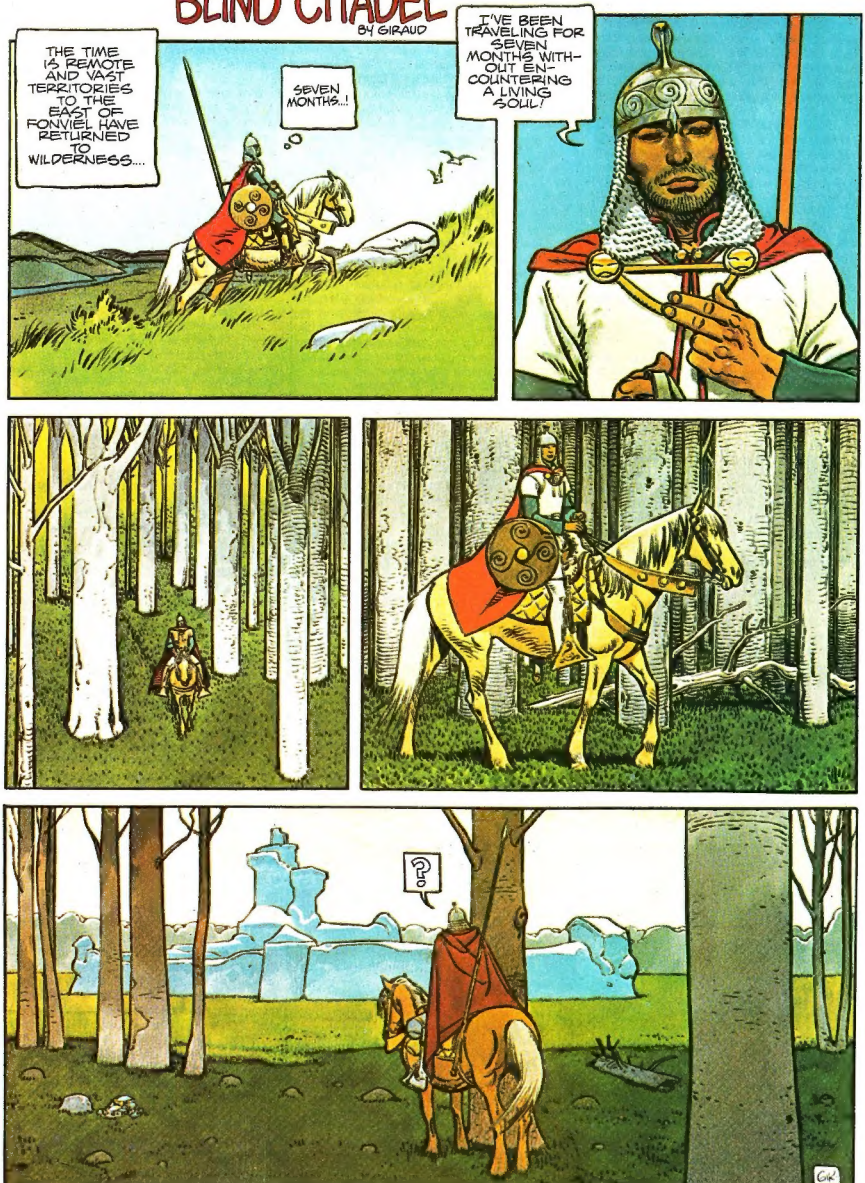
HM on film. It's coming. Keep on the lookout for the poster by British illustrator Chris Achilleos (*Beauty and the Beast*). And when you walk into the theater, just keep repeating: It's only a movie. It's only a movie. It's only a movie . . . . ●

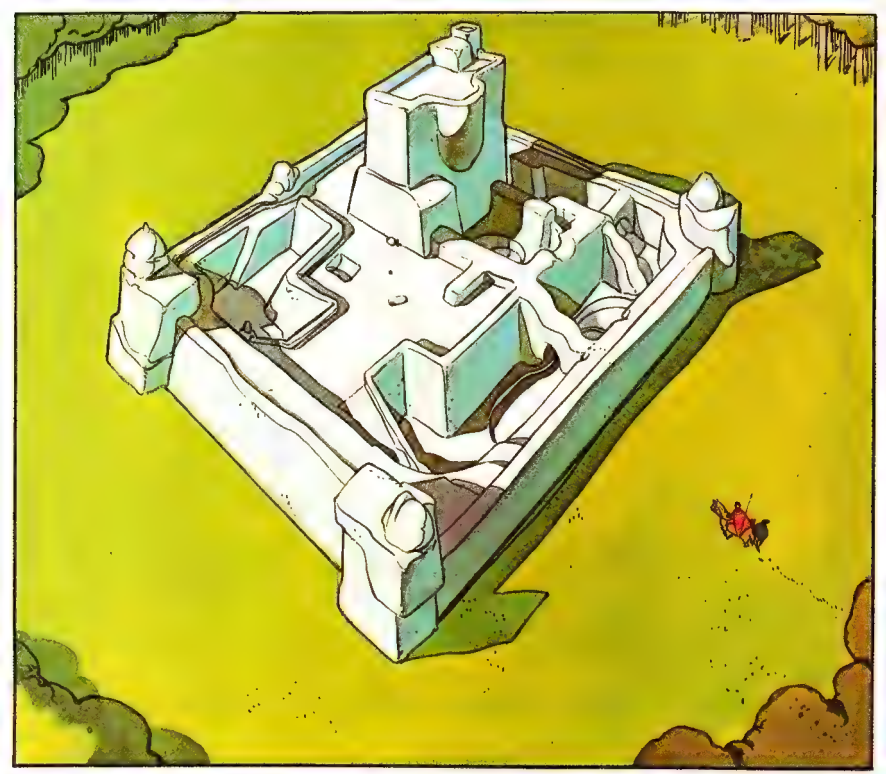
Below: Preliminary background drawing rendered by artist Mike Ploog for the upcoming *Heavy Metal* film.

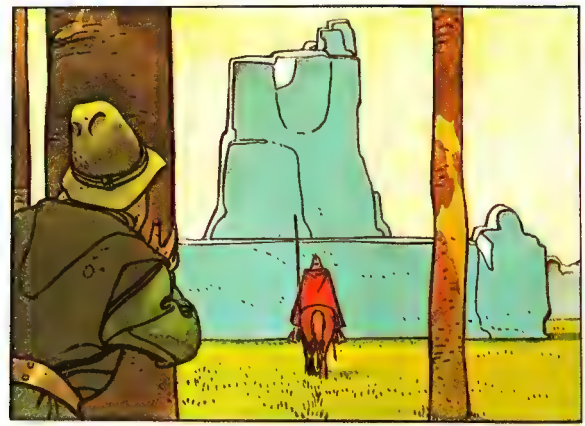


BLIND CITADEL

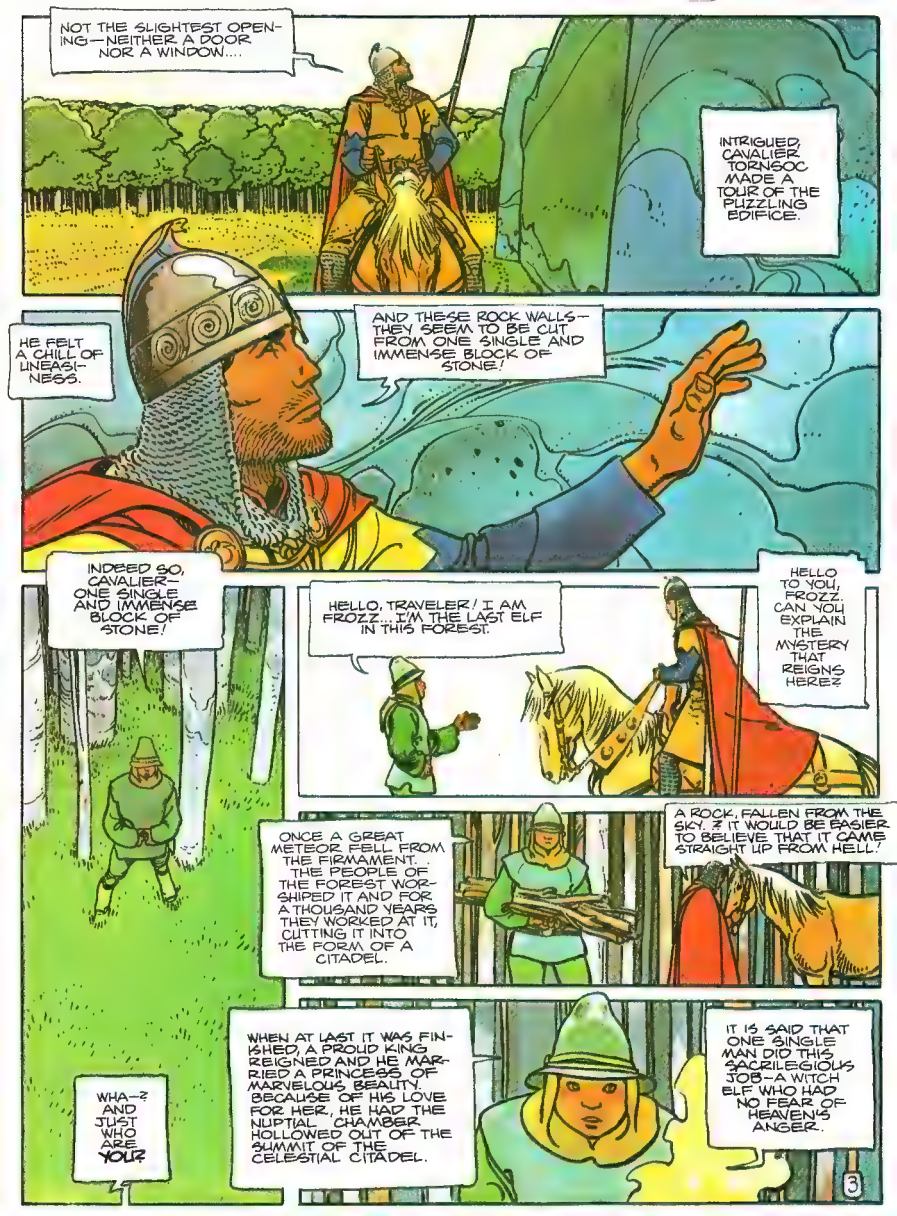
BY GIRAUD

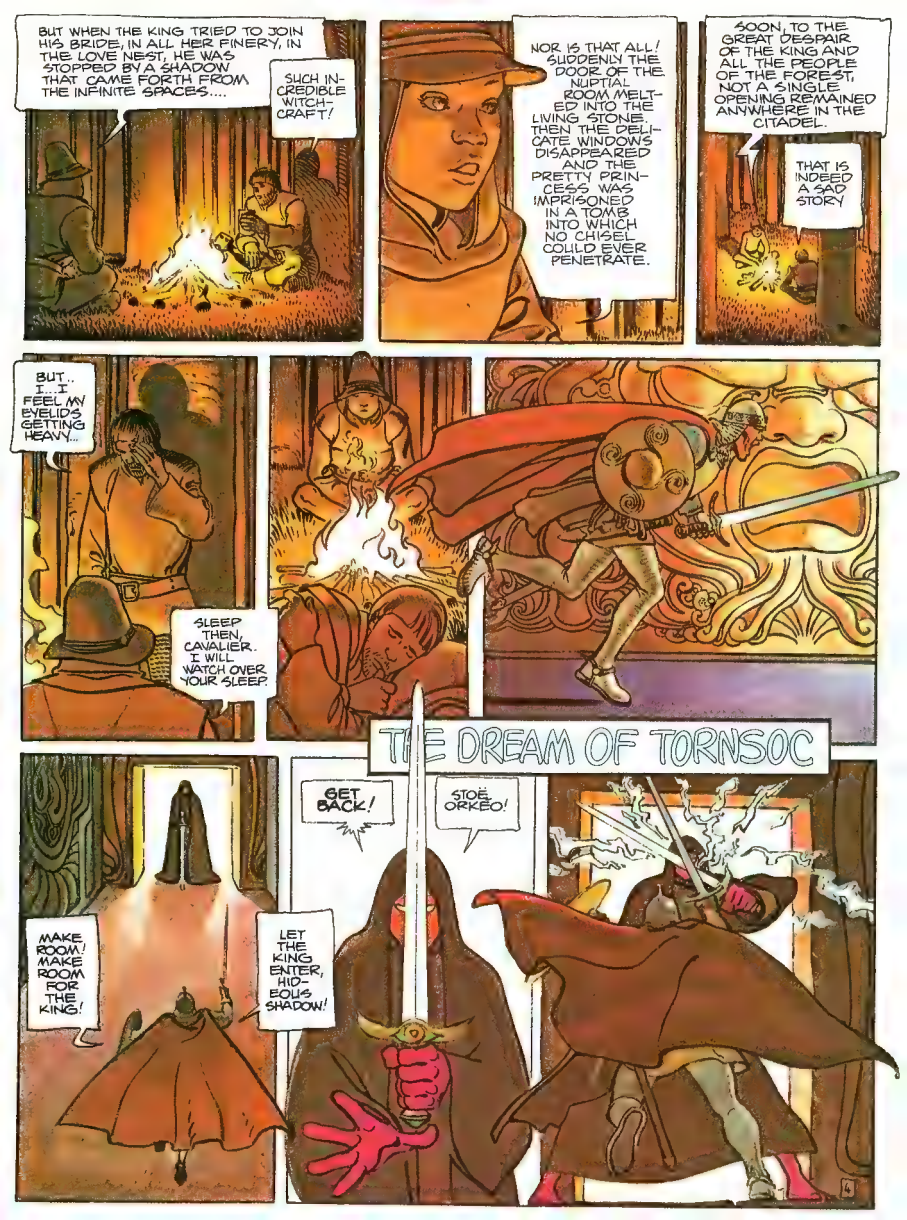

THE TIME IS REMOTE AND VAST TERRITORIES TO THE EAST OF FONVIEL HAVE RETURNED TO WILDERNESS....
SEVEN MONTHS...!
I'VE BEEN TRAVELING FOR SEVEN MONTHS WITHOUT ENCOUNTERING A LIVING SOUL!
?
GIR

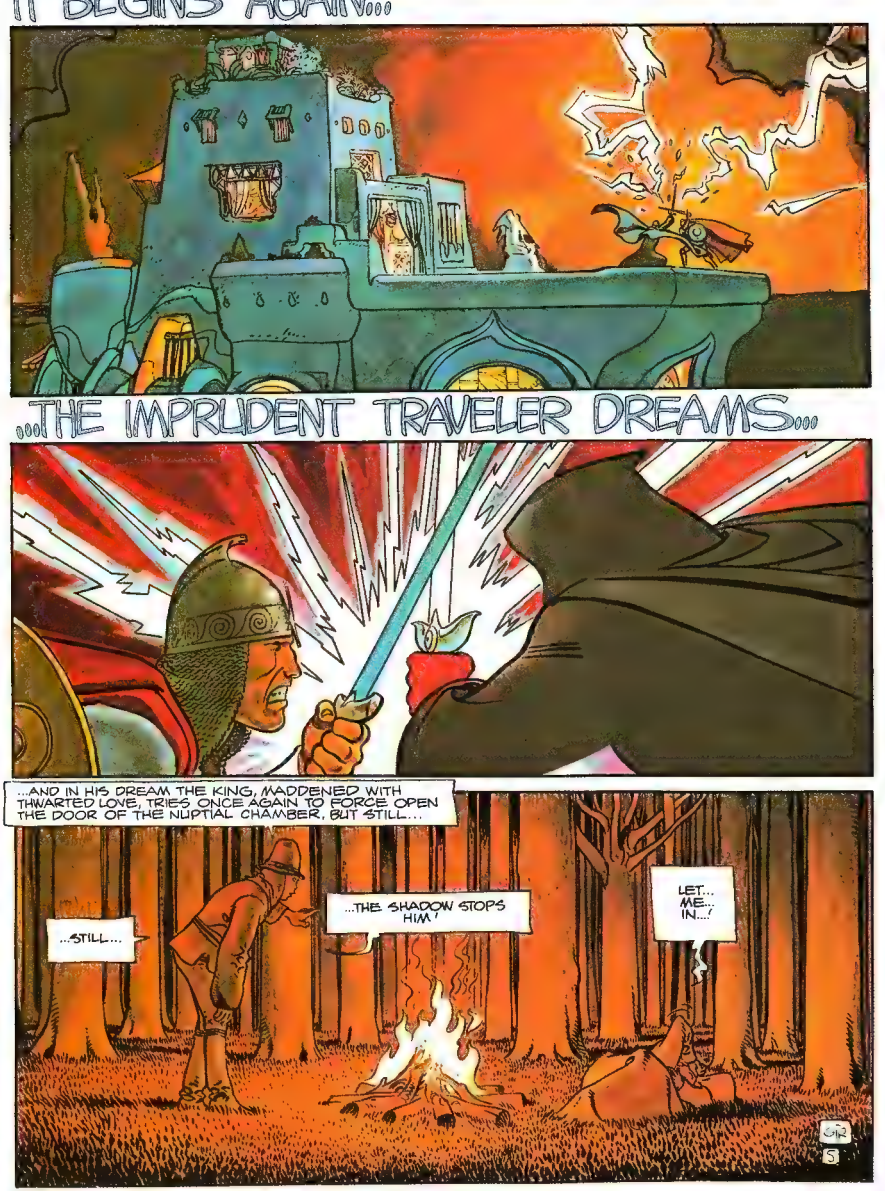


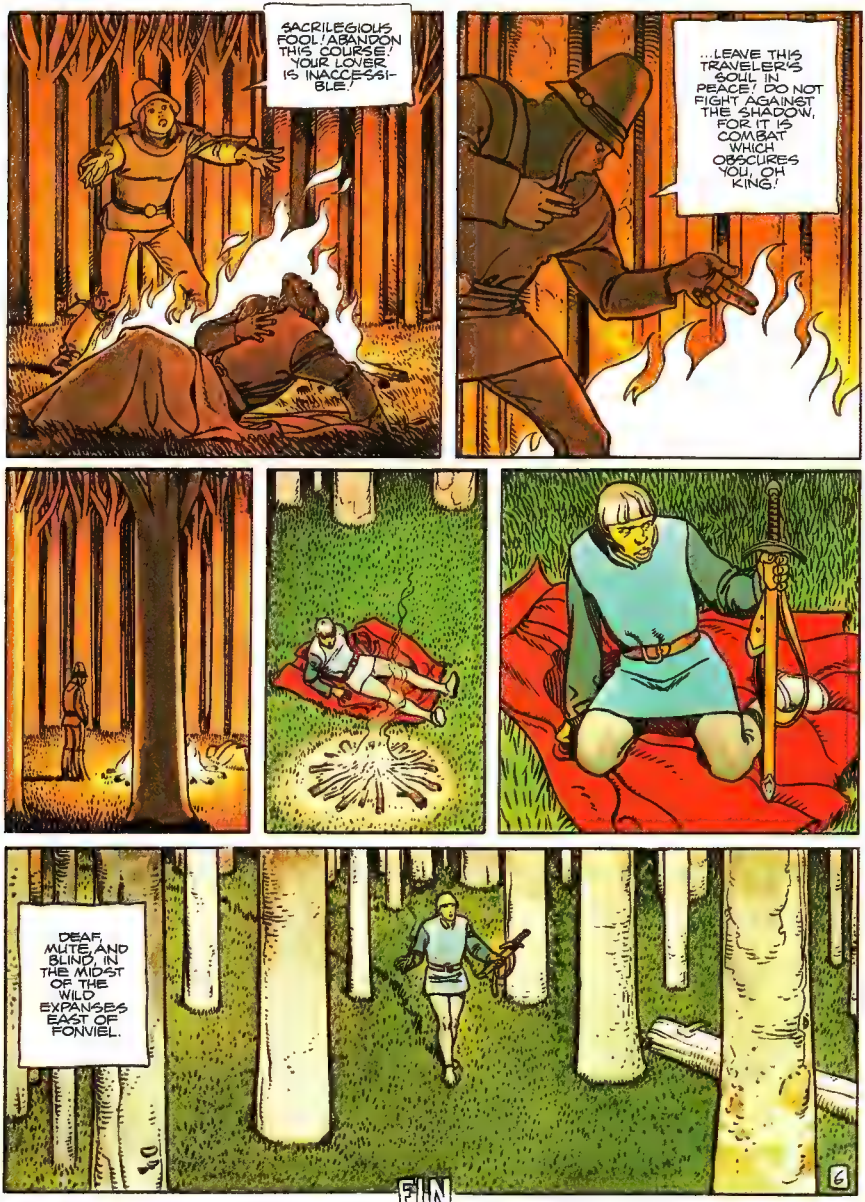


HE CALLS OUT, BUT THERE IS NO RESPONSE....

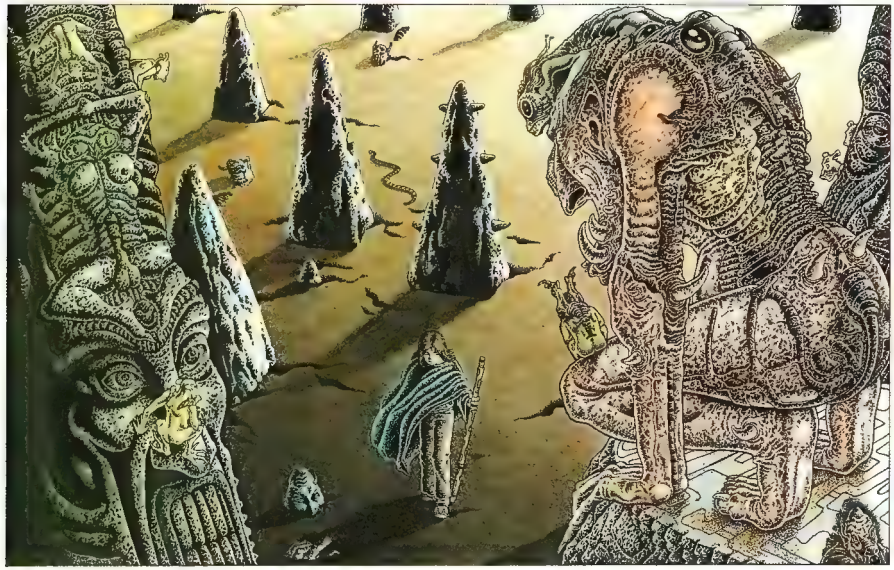

NOT THE SLIGHTEST OPENING—NEITHER A DOOR NOR A WINDOW....
INTRIGUED, CAVALIER TORNSOC MADE A TOUR OF THE PUZZLING EDIFICE.
HE FELT A CHILL OF UNEASINESS.
AND THESE ROCK WALLS—THEY SEEM TO BE CUT FROM ONE SINGLE AND IMMENSE BLOCK OF STONE!
INDEED SO, CAVALIER—ONE SINGLE AND IMMENSE BLOCK OF STONE!
HELLO, TRAVELER! I AM FROZZ... I'M THE LAST ELF IN THIS FOREST.
HELLO TO YOU, FROZZ. CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE MYSTERY THAT REIGNS HERE?
ONCE A GREAT METEOR FELL FROM THE FIRMAMENT. THE PEOPLE OF THE FOREST WORSHIPED IT AND FOR A THOUSAND YEARS THEY WORKED AT IT, CUTTING IT INTO THE FORM OF A CITADEL.
A ROCK, FALLEN FROM THE SKY, I IT WOULD BE EASIER TO BELIEVE, THAT IT CAME STRAIGHT UP FROM HELL!
WHEN AT LAST IT WAS FINISHED, A PROUD KING REIGNED AND HE MARRIED A PRINCESS OF MARVELOUS BEAUTY. BECAUSE OF HIS LOVE FOR HER, HE HAD THE NUPTIAL CHAMBER HOLLOWED OUT OF THE SUMMIT OF THE CELESTIAL CITADEL.
IT IS SAID THAT ONE SINGLE MAN DID THIS SACRILEGIOUS JOB—A WITCH ELF WHO HAD NO FEAR OF HEAVEN'S ANGER.
WHA—? AND JUST WHO ARE YOU?
3

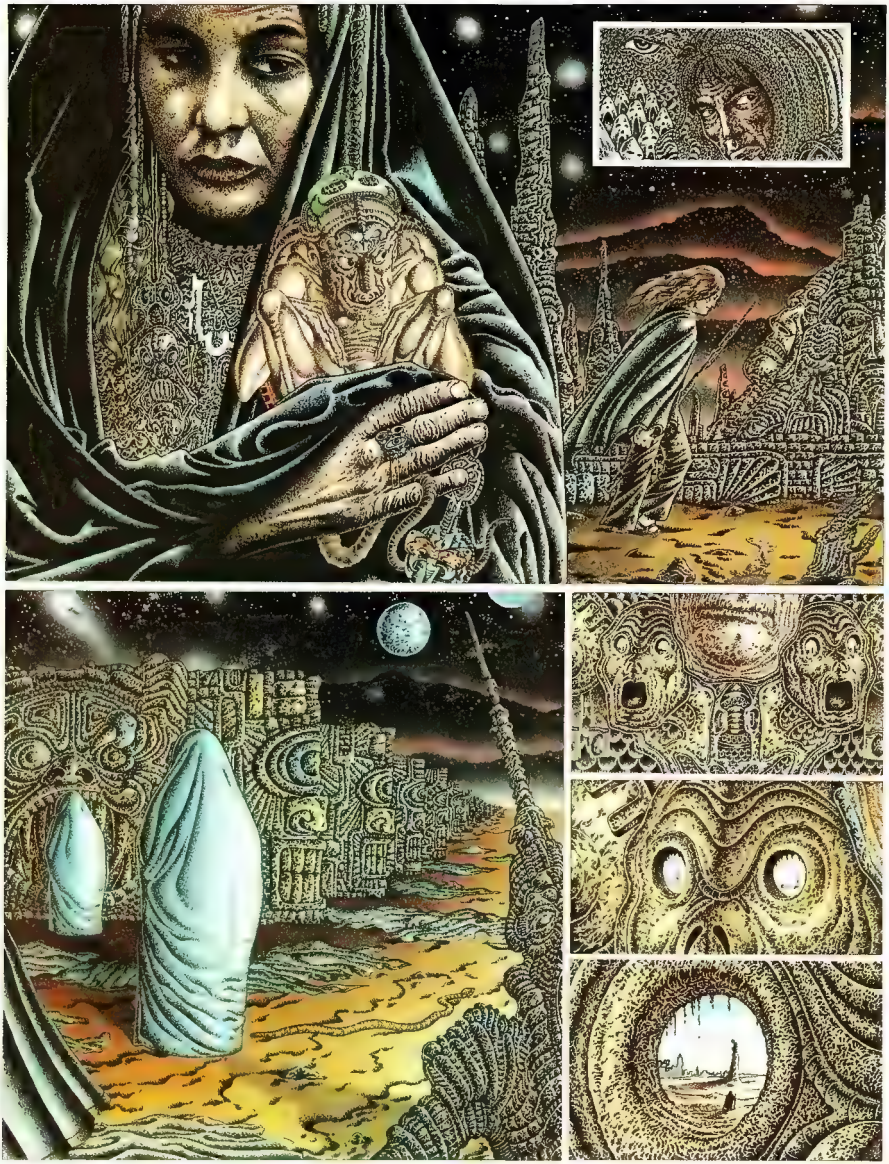

BUT WHEN THE KING TRIED TO JOIN HIS BRIDE, IN ALL HER FINERY, IN THE LOVE NEST, HE WAS STOPPED BY A SHADOW THAT CAME FORTH FROM THE INFINITE SPACES....
SUCH INCREDIBLE WITCHCRAFT!
NOR IS THAT ALL! SUDDENLY THE DOOR OF THE NUPTIAL ROOM MELTED INTO THE LIVING STONE. THEN THE DELICATE WINDOWS DISAPPEARED AND THE PRETTY PRINCESS WAS IMPRISONED IN A TOMB INTO WHICH NO CHISEL COULD EVER PENETRATE.
SOON, TO THE GREAT DESPAIR OF THE KING AND ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE FOREST, NOT A SINGLE OPENING REMAINED ANYWHERE IN THE CITADEL.
THAT IS INDEED A SAD STORY
BUT.. I.. I FEEL MY EYELIDS GETTING HEAVY...
SLEEP THEN, CAVALIER. I WILL WATCH OVER YOUR SLEEP.
THE DREAM OF TORNSOC
GET BACK!
STOË ORKEO!
MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM FOR THE KING!
LET THE KING ENTER, HIDEOUS SHADOW!


IT BEGINS AGAIN...
...THE IMPRUDENT TRAVELER DREAMS...
...AND IN HIS DREAM THE KING, MADDENED WITH THWARTED LOVE, TRIES ONCE AGAIN TO FORCE OPEN THE DOOR OF THE NUPTIAL CHAMBER, BUT STILL...
...STILL...
...THE SHADOW STOPS HIM!
LET... ME... IN...!
5

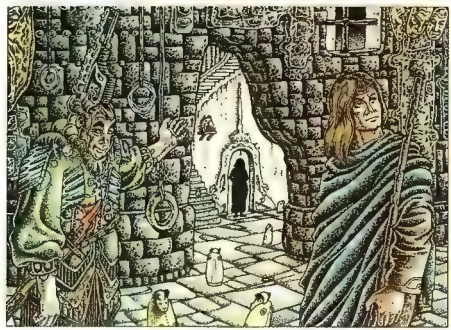

SACRILEGIOUS FOOL! ABANDON THIS COURSE! YOUR LOVER IS INACCESSIBLE!
...LEAVE THIS TRAVELER'S SOUL IN PEACE! DO NOT FIGHT AGAINST THE SHADOW, FOR IT IS COMBAT WHICH OBSCURES YOU, OH KING!
DEAF, MUTE, AND BLIND, IN THE MIDST OF THE WILD EXPANSES EAST OF FONNIEL.
FIN
6

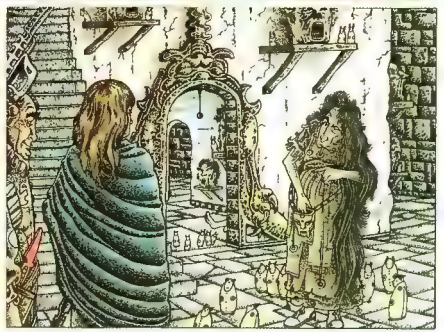
AWAKEN



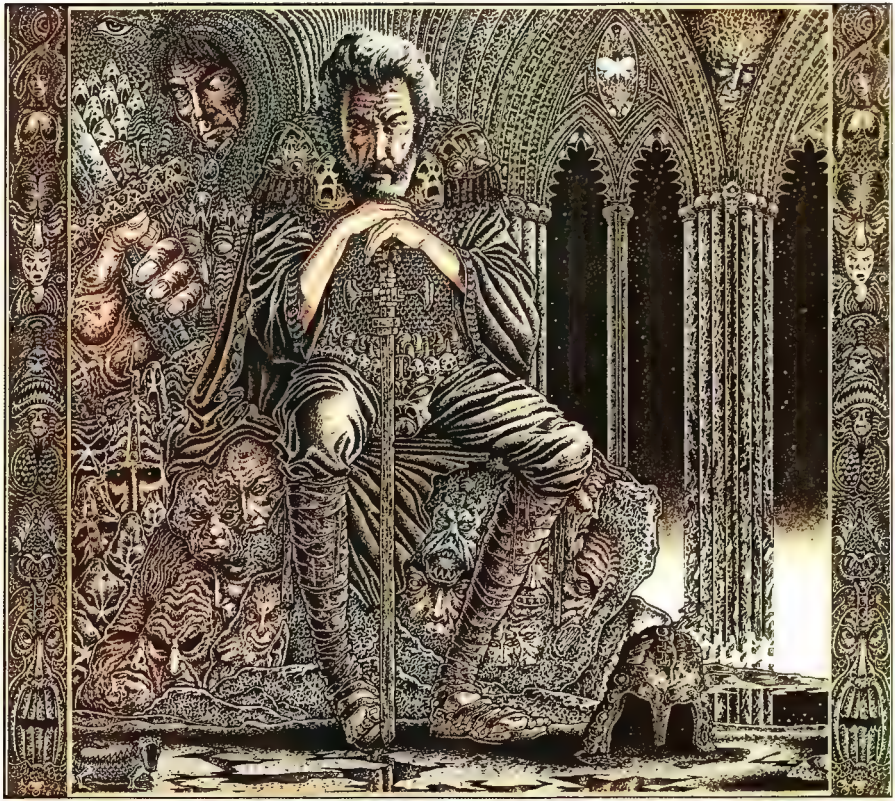


HEY, FELLOW!
THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU
UP THERE





THE KEY?

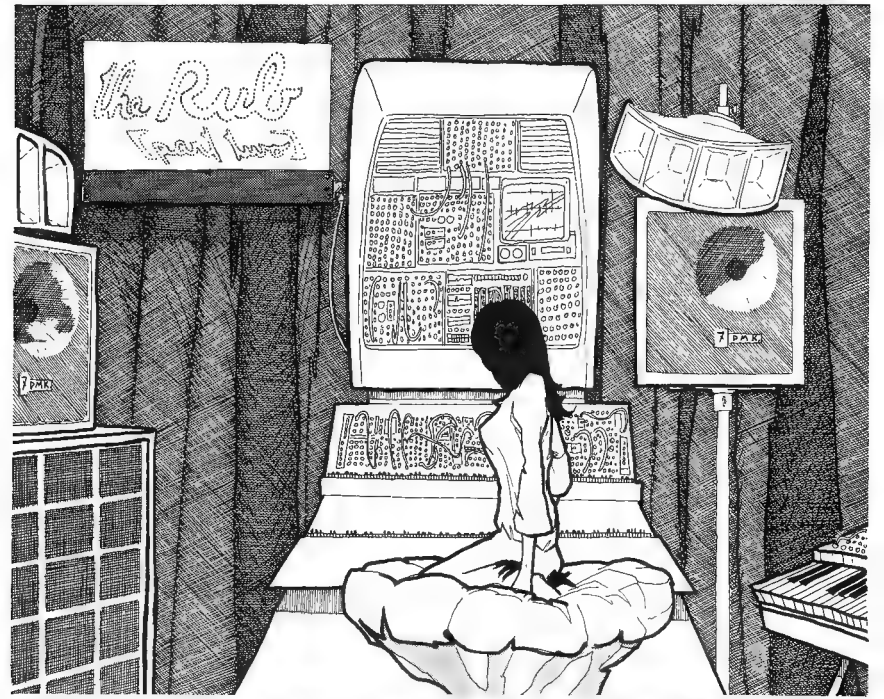


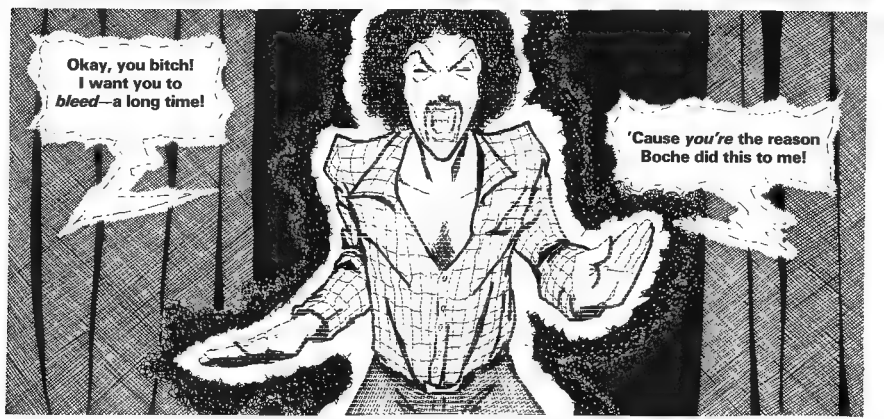
STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS © 1979 MARTIN SPRINGETT THANKS AND A TIP O THE HAT TO JAMES WALEY JACK THOM

THE BOOKSHELF
IN WHICH PRINCESS ANDROMEDA MAKES HER LONG-AWAITED
Solo Flight
©MK KALUTA 1972 1980
HELP!
SPUT SPUT SPUT COUGH
HELP HELP HELP!
SPUT SPUT SPUT
AERO-DYNAMICS MADE EASY
T. REMLO
HELP HELP HELP
HELP HELP HELP
SPUT SPUT COUGH
HELP
SPUTTER SPUT BUMP
HEELLP
BUMP SIGH BUMP SPUT ITY- BUMP ITY- BUMP ITY-
HEL-
ITY-BUMP ITY- BONK TEETER-
-UP?
BONK
HIP-HOORAY!!
PRACTICAL AIRCRAFT DESIGN
T. REMLO
CONGRATULATIONS
WINK

Changes

Matt Howarth





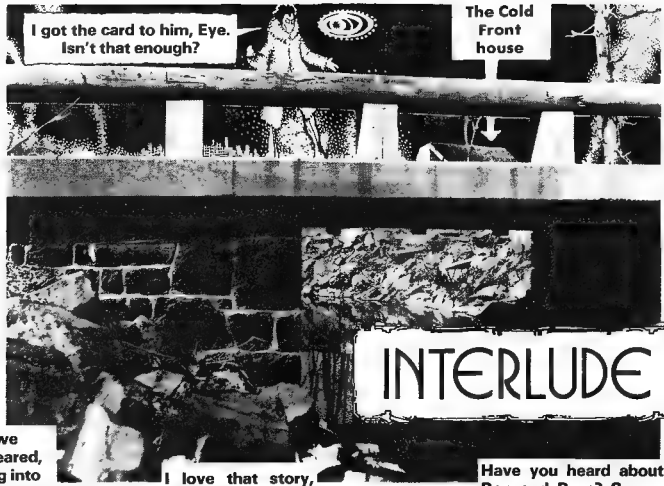
THE RUB BY HOWARTH

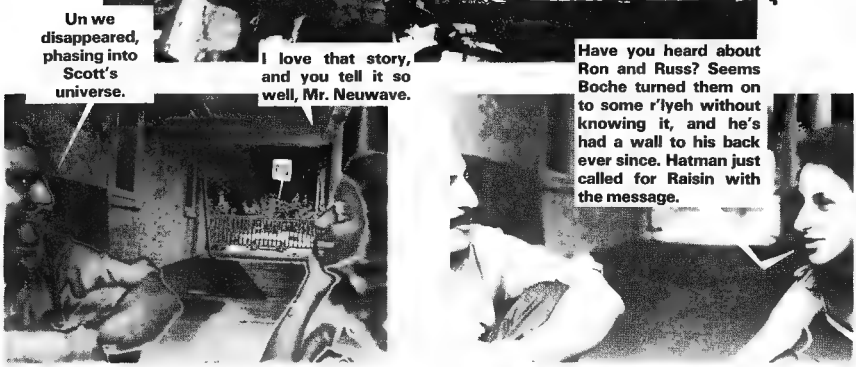
I've discovered the truth—at a sobering cost, too. And am I gonna waste yer karma!
Wait. . . .
You can continue now, for all it will do. Or go after Boche— I really don't care what happens to him now, nor do I give a damn about you.
A force field.
Something's wrong here. Boche doesn't have this kind of technology—
Quite, son—the lady is not alone.

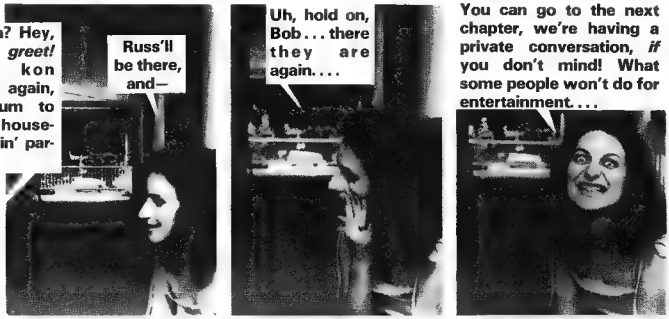
What do *you* have to do with this, Swyne?
For one, the girl is under my wing, so to speak, as she is my current consort.
From what has been said, I gather you are *Ron Post?*
I find your continued existence odd, in lieu of the talents of the, I assume, late Clint.
You sent him! I thought— Why the hell are you involved in all this?
I only brought Boche's contract to his attention. His interest was insatiable. I do not play fair, Ronald, I play to *win*. And you are harassing my woman, as I anticipated.
You really are a numero uno bitch, aren t you! Him— Boche—the Earl— do they mean pennies to you at all?
Boche was (and is) a worm. He disgusts me, and I've grown bored with the Earl. . . .
How? He's dead! Dead, dead. *Dead!*

Oh yes—you wouldn't know. The Earl is still *quite* alive. I find that rather hysterical, actually. . . .
It seems that (for reasons of no relation) he feared assassination and had a look-alike stand in. You killed the actor, not the Earl.
An actor . . .? Not *dead*. . . ?
All for nuthin' . . . set up like this and he's not even really *dead*. . . .
Actually, I'm fascinated by you. You've found a way to negate the effects of the snuff—I *must* know more of this. I can pay—
And you, bitch—
Pigeons, Swyne!
—I'll be back for you later! Don't think you won't bleed, either!
I warned you, Post. She is under my—
Oh shut up, you crouton! Filthy bag of poison, you'll get yours too before I'm done!

NEXT: Mother Nature on the Cold Front porch



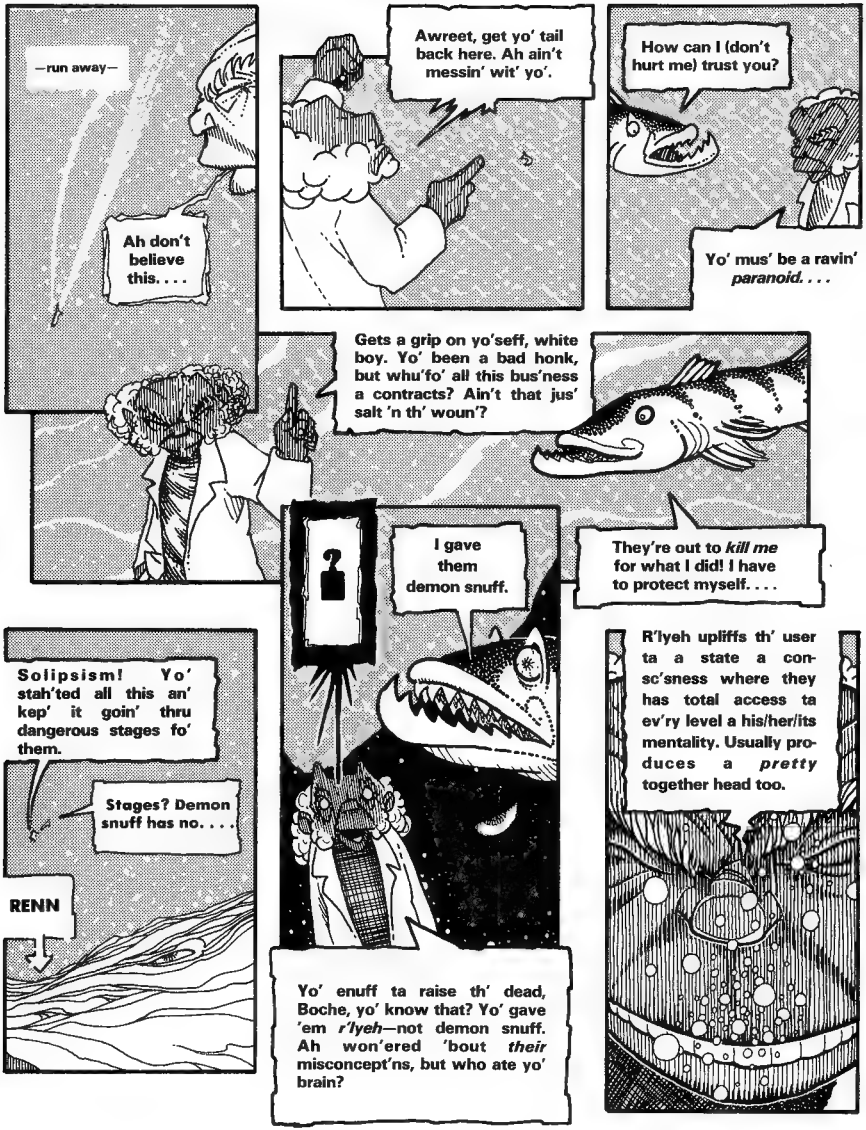

Un we disappeared, phasing into Scott's universe.
I love that story, and you tell it so well, Mr. Neuwave.
Have you heard about Ron and Russ? Seems Boche turned them on to some r'lyeh without knowing it, and he's had a wall to his back ever since. Hatman just called for Raisin with the message.

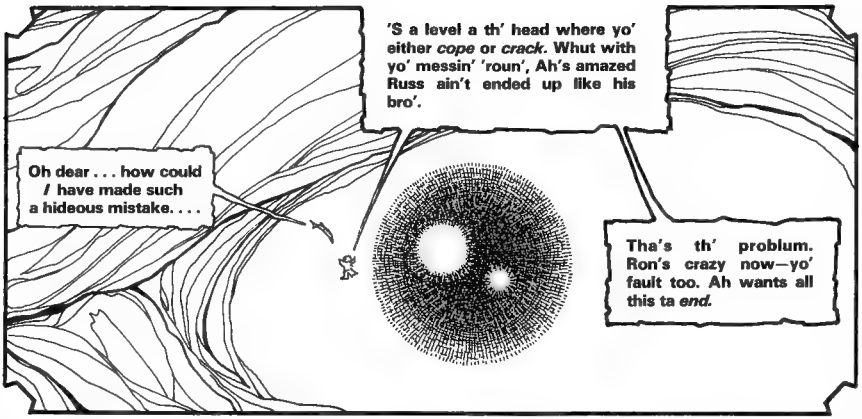

R'lyeh? Hey, thas *greet!* They kon shift again, un cum to yer house-warmin' party.
Russ'll be there, and—
Uh, hold on, Bob... there they are again....
You can go to the next chapter, we're having a private conversation, *if* you don't mind! What some people won't do for entertainment....

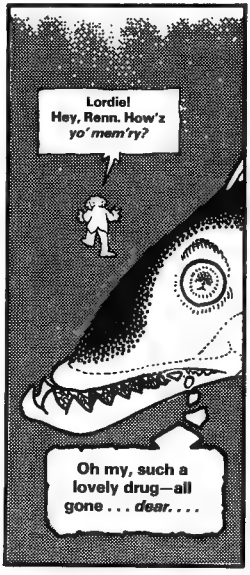
INTERLUDE • RANDY TUGONE/HOWARTH

NEXT: underwater armistice

Pah'don me – which a yo' is Boche?
I am . . . .
Mah name is Raisin. Ah'm a friend a th' Post bros.
DUOLOGUE


—run away—
Ah don't believe this. . . .
Awreet, get yo' tail back here. Ah ain't messin' wit' yo'.
How can I (don't hurt me) trust you?
Yo' mus' be a ravin' *paranoid*. . . .
Gets a grip on yo'seff, white boy. Yo' been a bad honk, but whu'fo' all this bus'ness a contracts? Ain't that jus' salt 'n th' woun'?
They're out to *kill me* for what I did! I have to protect myself. . . .
I gave them demon snuff.
Solipsism! Yo' stah'ted all this an' kep' it goin' thru dangerous stages fo' them.
Stages? Demon snuff has no. . . .
RENN
Yo' enuff ta raise th' dead, Boche, yo' know that? Yo' gave 'em *r'lyeh*—not demon snuff. Ah won'ered 'bout *their* misconcept'ns, but who ate yo' brain?
R'lyeh upliffs th' user ta a state a consc'sness where they has total access ta ev'ry level a his/her/its mentality. Usually produces a *pretty* together head too.


'S a level a th' head where yo' either *cope* or *crack*. Whut with yo' messin' 'roun', Ah's amazed Russ ain't ended up like his bro'.
Oh dear . . . how could *I* have made such a hideous mistake. . . .
Tha's th' problum. Ron's crazy now—yo' fault too. Ah wants all this ta *end*.



NEXT: Hiroshima's housewarming party.

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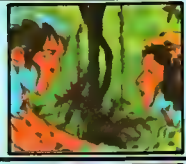

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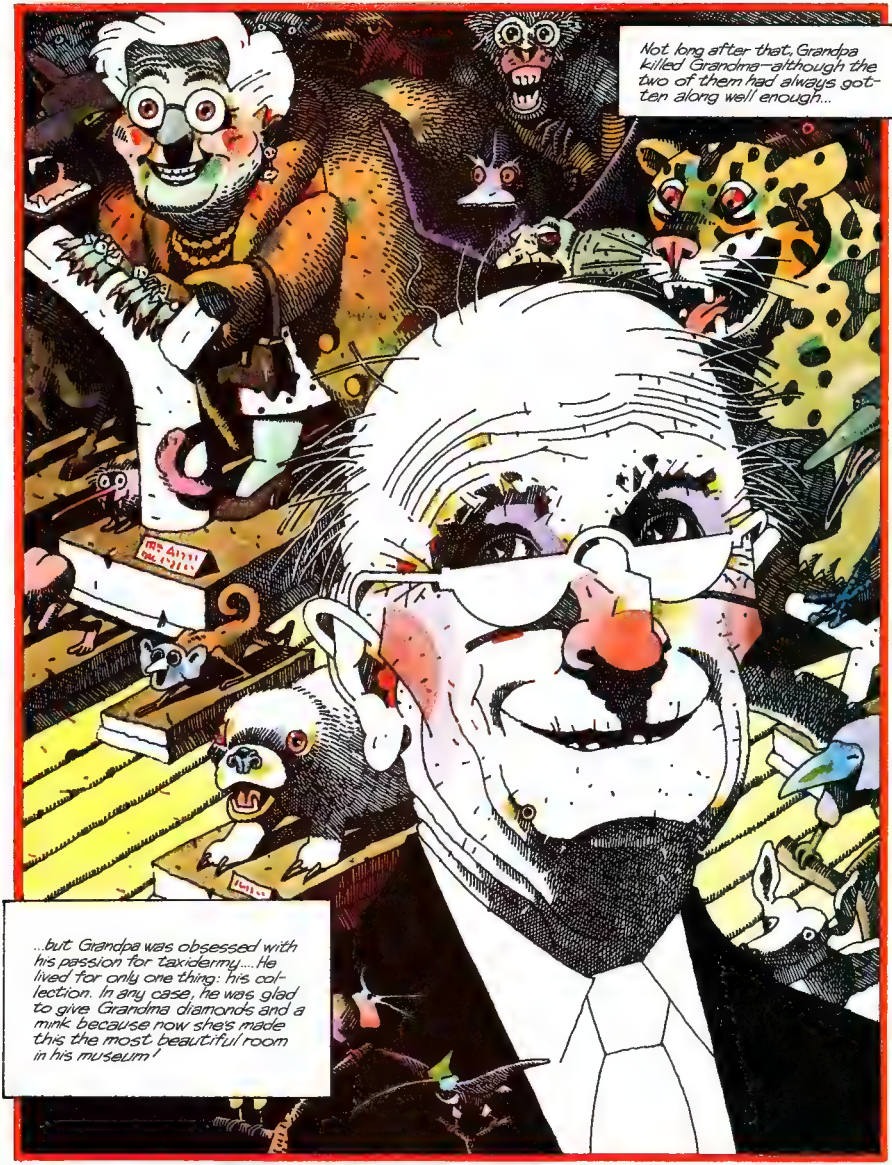
Sans Family
It started the day Grandma killed Uncle George, Aunt Marcelle and Cousin Edith.
They had come to visit her at her invitation, to taste her famous Baked Apples with Cream....
For a long time Grandma had been looking for something nice but not too expensive with which to finish decorating her living room... Then too, she'd never been fond of Uncle George or Aunt Marcelle.
She didn't dislike Cousin Edith, but one can't always do exactly what one wants to do....


Not long after that, Grandpa killed Grandma—although the two of them had always gotten along well enough...
...but Grandpa was obsessed with his passion for taxidermy.... He lived for only one thing: his collection. In any case, he was glad to give Grandma diamonds and a mink because now she's made this the most beautiful room in his museum!

Then again there's Papa, who in his turn killed Grandpa. Papa loved Grandpa, but Grandpa had millions of little twitchy habits that exasperated Papa....
On this particular day Grandpa kept biting his nails, and, worse, he wouldn't stop cracking his knuckles..
..and to top it off, he smacked his dentures while he ate his biscuits! It was too much for poor Papa's nerves, but he was able to calm himself down afterward by putting things neatly away....

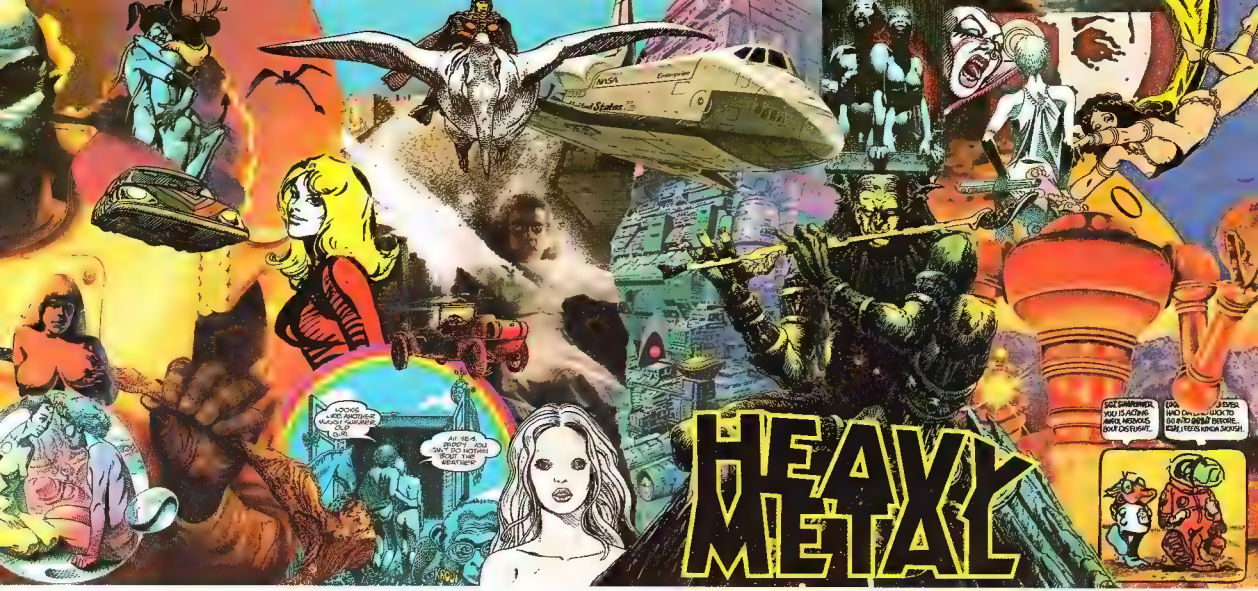
That was when Mama killed Papa...
All day long Papa criticized and supervised everything Mama did. And on this particular morning, because she still hadn't had her coffee and her cigarette, Mama was in a dreadful mood when Papa told her that she didn't understand anything and never did a damned thing except think about food.
It is true that Mama loved cooking. She was especially good with pâtés.

And it was about then that my older brother Bobby killed my little sister Lizette, whose attempts to learn to play the piano bothered him enormously.
Poor Bobby! He enjoyed solitude and silence so much. He loved to spend his time in his room quietly classifying his rocks, his shells, and his butterflies. He absolutely hated noise.

A few days later our neighbor, Mr. Tartignol, killed Bobby, who was on his way home from school. He thought Bobby might be a burglar.
Mr. Tartignol was really very sorry about his mistake.
He asked Mama to let him take care of Bobby's funeral himself, and at his expense, of course... it was, after all, the least he could do!

Well, to wrap this up, the destiny which always claims us deprived me of my mother's affection.
Did I just hear you say that it was I who killed Mama? That's completely untrue! She was never in good health, after all.
Let's get this straight: I don't blame her for anything! She did what she could, poor woman... she was a very devoted mother.

I was left a poor orphan, completely alone in the world, the only survivor of my unfortunate family. But I was taken in by some very nice people who, although they had four children of their own, generously offered to take care of me.
They even planned a fine meal to celebrate my arrival...ah, well! You probably won't believe me when I tell you this, but they died from food poisoning! It seems the mayonnaise had gone bad!



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL, 1977: *The* Collector's Edition with the debut of Moebius's "Arzach," Corben's "Den," Bode's "Sunpot," and more ($5.00)

#2/MAY, 1977: Russian astronauts, Roger the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival and more ($4.00)

#3/JUNE, 1977: Macedo's "Rockbitz," the highly praised "Shells," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bode, more ($3.00)

#4/JULY, 1977: Lots of Moebius "Azarch," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow," also the final installment of "Sunpot." ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST, 1977: The saga of Polonius begins. "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "The World Apart" and "Den" continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story, Moebius a space opera, plus more "World Apart," "Den" and "Polonius." ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER, 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," Den and "Polonius" *redux*, yet more ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER, 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart" ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER, 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz" by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool" by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions form Corben, Macedo, Claveloux and Moebius ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY, 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY, 1978: New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al ($3.00)

#12/MARCH, 1978: Swashbuckling "Onion" makes a debut, courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there's more Barbarella, more "Urm," and yet more "Den" ($3.00)

#13/APRIL, 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradise 9, and Barbarella gives birth, while Den wraps it up ($3.00)

#14/MAY, 1978: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Onon" and 'Barbarella' continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat ($3.00)

#15/JUNE, 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman." ($3.00)

#16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," yet more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights" ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST, 1978: Sorry—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Corben's "Sindbad," Moebius's "Major," "Heilman," "Orion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER, 1978: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated 'Glass Goblin,' the debut of McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER, 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, Heilman's final rebirth, more. ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER, 1978: The stocking is full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY, 1979: Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes 'Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY, 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's 'Sindbad," McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous,' plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," 'Starcrown' II, and Ellison's late show ($3.00)

#25/APRIL, 1979: Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's "Gideon Faust," the Alien portfolio and Val Mayerik's "Time Out" And much more ($3.00)

#26/MAY, 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's' Disco" and a Proust joke): fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien" ($3.00)

#27/JUNE, 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated 'Alien," and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous ' ($3.00)

#28/JULY, 1979: Bode's "Zooks" premieres Corben's 'Sindbad" concludes. Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST, 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik. Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more. ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: 'Elric," 'Buck Rogers,' a lizard named Elvis, and 'Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius. ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER, 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Druillet, Suydam, others ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER, 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's 'Stars My Destination, Moebius and more ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER, 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed. Suydam. Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison plus "Gnomes" and "Giants" ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY, 1980: A new year—*a new decade*—begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY, 1980: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's 'The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie Experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip ($3.00)

#36/MARCH, 1980 Why did The Crevasse take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's 'Good Vibrations" ($3.00)

#37/APRIL, 1980 Our Third Anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color the final installment of Moebius's 'Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode—and *more!* ($3.00)

#38/MAY, 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the Alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell. ($3.00)

#39/JUNE, 1980: Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Sternn saves the day. And in their revenge, The Flying Wallendas vs. The Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY, 1980: The Alchemist Supreme' continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky, Bilal's 'Progress' begins, and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave" ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST, 1980: Druillet returns with the first installment of "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes 'Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues 'Progress!" ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER, 1980: 'The Alchemist Supreme' concludes while Bilal's "Progress'" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER, 1980: Our Special Rock Issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Druillet, Yeates, He, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colon, and Matena, and not to be missed! ($3.00)

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HEAVY METAL

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Metropolitan Opera

ONE DAY I DECIDED TO GO INTO THE CITY. I TOOK THE HIGHWAY TO THE SUPERHIGHWAY AND FINALLY I ARRIVED IN THE MEGACITY, WHERE AT ONCE I WAS OVERWHELMED! I'D DRIVEN ONLY ON QUIET COUNTRY ROADS AND THEY WEREN'T ANYTHING LIKE THIS!

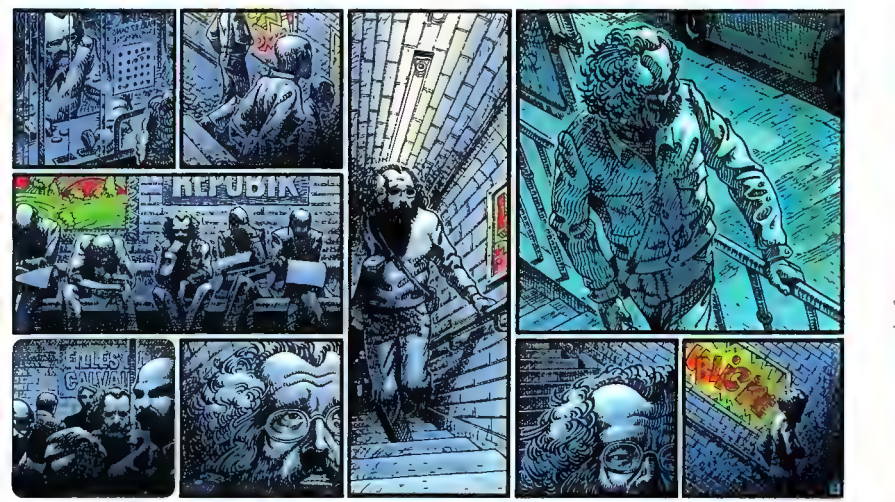
THE TRAFFIC WAS MORE THAN I COULD TAKE! I HAD COME TO THE MEGACITY AS A TOURIST, AFTER ALL—THERE WAS NO SENSE IN EXHAUSTING MYSELF BY DRIVING IN THIS! I MADE A QUICK DECISION, AND I WAS LUCKY AT THE FIRST SUBWAY STATION THAT CAME ALONG I FOUND A FREE PARKING PLACE AND PARKED MY CAR. PRUDENTLY, I CAREFULLY NOTED THE NAME OF THE STATION ON THE BACK OF A BOX OF MATCHES. I TOOK A MINIMUM OF LUGGAGE FROM THE CAR: CAMERA, TOOTHBRUSH, CONTRACEPTIVES... AND THEN I DESCENDED INTO THE METRO SYSTEM..

I LIKE THE METRO A LOT. YOU CAN GO DOWN INTO IT ANYWHERE AND THEN COME UP OUT OF IT WHEREVER YOU LIKE. IT REMINDS ME OF THE "MATTER TRANSMITTER" THAT THEY WRITE ABOUT IN SF NOVELS—YOU GO INTO A CUBICLE, YOU PUSH A BUTTON, AND CRACK! YOU FIND YOURSELF IN A SIMILAR CUBICLE, BUT ON PROXIMA CENTAURI! WELL, THE METRO IS SOMETHING LIKE THAT, ALTHOUGH THE TRIP THROUGH "SUB SPACE" IS NEITHER AS INSTANTANEOUS NOR AS COMFORTABLE....

SO, FOR MOST OF THAT DAY, LIKE ANY STOP-TOURIST, I RAN AROUND THE MEGACITY FINDING THE PLACES I WANTED TO SEE ON A MAP, TAKING QUICK PHOTOS, AND VISITING NON-STOP THE MOST FAMOUS STATIONS...

THEN, WITH EVENING, I DECIDED I'D DONE ENOUGH. I WANTED TO GET BACK ON THE ROAD IN TIME TO STOP FOR THE NIGHT AT A QUIET SUBURBAN MOTEL. SO IT WAS TIME TO GO BACK TO MY CAR, PARKED AT— UMM. WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THAT STATION? I WENT THROUGH MY POCKETS, BUT...
OH M...!
OH! MY BOX OF MATCHES! OH SHIT! I'D USED THE MATCHES UP AND THROWN THE BOX AWAY!!! THAT BOX HAD THE NAME OF THE STATION WRITTEN ON IT!
LET'S SEE... LET'S SEE, NOW... I'VE GOT TO REMEMBER, MUSTN'T PANIC. IT'LL COME TO ME. UMM... WASN'T IT "GALURIN-RITOURNELLE"? OR PORTE-SHAMBLEAU"? UH MAYBE "RENE LALOUX"? NO! "GILBERT-GOSSELYN"? NO! NO! UMMM... "GOLDWYN-MAYER"? NO! THAT'S NOT IT AT ALL! MY MEMORY'S GOING! I'VE BEEN SMOKING TOO MUCH— THAT'S WHY I USED UP ALL MY MATCHES, WHICH IS WHY I THREW AWAY THE BOX, WHICH IS WHY I CAN'T FIND MY CAR... WHAT CAN I DO? GOOD GOD, WHAT CAN I DO?

THERE WERE MORE THAN THAN THIRTY-SIX SOLUTIONS. I BOUGHT A TICKET BOOK AND, SYSTEMATICALLY, I BEGAN TO TAKE THE METRO LINES, GOING OUT AT EACH STATION AND UP TO THE SURFACE TO LOOK FOR MY CAR. WHICH WASN'T THERE. I'D CROSS THE NAME OF THAT STATION OFF MY MAP AND GO DOWN AGAIN, FOR THE NEXT STATION. THIS WAS ENORMOUSLY TIME-CONSUMING, AND EXPENSIVE TOO! TAKE LINE NO 1, FOR EXAMPLE. 23 STATIONS = 23 TICKETS @ 80¢ = $18.40. WELL, THAT'S NOT *TOO* BAD! BUT THERE ARE FIFTEEN LINES! AND SOME OF THEM HAVE MORE THAN THIRTY STATIONS! JUST FOR THE MOMENT, LET'S AVERAGE THAT TO TWENTY-FIVE STATIONS PER LINE. 25 x 15 = 375 STATIONS, OR 375 TICKETS @ 80¢ = $300!!! BUT THAT WAS MORE MONEY THAN I HAD ON ME, AND I HAD TO EAT AND SLEEP SOMEWHERE! THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE TO DO! I SIMPLY *HAD* TO FIND MY CAR BEFORE I EXHAUSTED MY RESOURCES...



ON THE THIRD DAY I MANAGED TO SELL MY CAMERA TO A PASSERBY THAT GAVE ME ANOTHER TWO DAYS. THEN I SOLD MY JACKET. I TRIED TO SELL MY TOOTHBRUSH, BUT NO ONE WANTED IT. I WAS REACHING MY WIT'S END. SO, IN ORDER TO MAKE MY TICKETS LAST, I BEGAN TO CHEAT LIKE A CRAZY MAN. I WENT DOWN CORRIDORS THE WRONG WAY, I SAT IN SEATS RESERVED FOR THE ELDERLY AND THE INFIRM, I OBSTRUCTED THE CLOSING OF THE DOORS, I WOULD EVEN HAVE SMOKED IF I'D HAD MATCHES. IT IS IN THIS WAY THAT ONE SLIPS, IMPERCEPTIBLY INTO ILLEGALITY, NOT EVEN KNOWING WHERE IT WILL ALL END. SOON, THE ULTIMATE STEP: I PUT MY ALREADY PUNCHED TICKETS INTO THE AUTOMATIC TICKET PUNCHER. THAT WORKED FOR A WHILE, BUT ONE DAY AN INSPECTOR....

WOULD YOU HAVE THE KINDNESS, SIR, TO PLEASE SHOW ME YOUR TICKET?

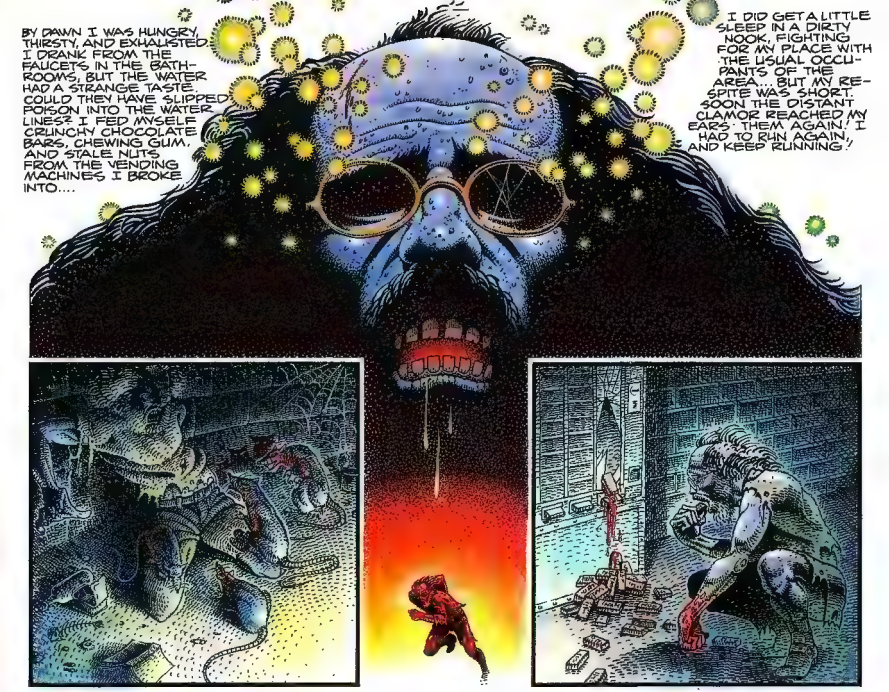
THEN... UMM... I THINK I GOT A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY...

RAT-P!

NOW, NORMALLY I'M A PRETTY NICE GUY, BUT... WELL, I'D REACHED THE END OF MY ROPE BY THEN, AND THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT RUN....

FOR HOURS ON END I RAN DOWN HALLWAYS, PAST THE CERAMIC WALLS—CORRIDORS, STAIRCASES, GOING UP, GOING DOWN, UP AGAIN, ALWAYS RUNNING, ALWAYS LOOKING FOR A WAY OUT, ALWAYS FINDING A BARRICADE, BUT STILL FIGHTING.
STILL TRYING TO ESCAPE, PENETRATING FARTHER, DEEPER, INTO THE BOWELS OF THE MEGACITY—AND ALWAYS ON MY HEELS THE PACK OF INSPECTORS, TICKET PUNCHERS, AND OTHER STATION-MASTERS THIRSTING AFTER VENGEANCE.
SOMETIMES, DRIVEN TO THE END OF A PLATFORM, I WAS FORCED DOWN ONTO THE TRACKS THEMSELVES. THERE I WASN'T FOLLOWED—TOO DANGEROUS—AND THUS, FOR A LITTLE WHILE, I WAS FREE OF PURSUIT.
POW!
SWEEP
PAC
GONG!
SO I ESCAPED UNTIL THAT NIGHT....
BUT AT NIGHT IT WAS WORSE! THEN THERE WERE ONLY THE EMPTY CORRIDORS, BRILLIANTLY LIT, ME—AND *THEM!*

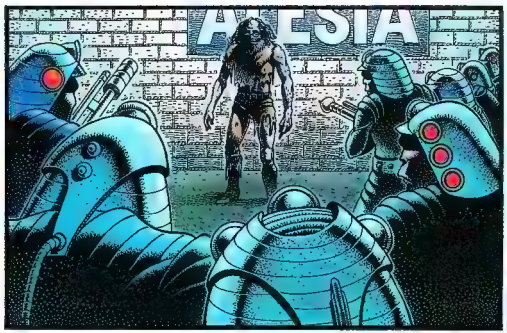
THEM! THE MEN FROM THE M.P.—THE METRO POLICE—EVERYWHERE! PATROLS OF THEM—HARD, WELL-NOURISHED MEN, FIT AND IN TOP FORM, HUNDREDS OF THEM . AND ARMED! RADIO-CONTROLLED TICKET PUNCHERS, REPEATING TICKET PUNCHERS, INFRARED TICKET PUNCHERS! AND LASER WHISTLES, FIELD DISTORTERS, SOUND DETECTORS, ASPIRO-BULLDOGS . AND THEN ALL THE MECHANICAL TRAPS, LIKE THE MOVING SIDEWALKS THAT JERK SAVAGELY; METAL LIGHT FIXTURES THAT SUDDENLY FALL FROM THE CEILING, ALMOST SPLITTING ME IN TWO; SHEETS OF RADIOACTIVE GAS SPREAD OUT ACROSS THE PLATFORMS, AND WALLS THAT UNRELENTINGLY DREW CLOSER, OR THAT SPAT STREAMS OF ACID OR BOILING OIL; AND CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELEVISION SETS THAT FLASHED FRIGHTENING PICTURES OF PARABOLICAL LOUDSPEAKERS SCREAMING OUT THE RECORDS OF THE OSMONDS, PAT BOONE, OR EVEN WAYNE NEWTON!


BY DAWN I WAS HUNGRY, THIRSTY, AND EXHAUSTED. I DRANK FROM THE FAUCETS IN THE BATHROOMS, BUT THE WATER HAD A STRANGE TASTE. COULD THEY HAVE SLIPPED POISON INTO THE WATER LINES? I FED MYSELF CRUNCHY CHOCOLATE BARS, CHEWING GUM, AND STALE NUTS FROM THE VENDING MACHINES I BROKE INTO....
I DID GET A LITTLE SLEEP IN A DIRTY NOOK, FIGHTING FOR MY PLACE WITH THE USUAL OCCUPANTS OF THE AREA... BUT MY RESPITE WAS SHORT. SOON THE DISTANT CLAMOR REACHED MY EARS. THEM AGAIN! I HAD TO RUN AGAIN, AND KEEP RUNNING.

FOUR DAYS AND FIVE NIGHTS

I HELD OUT! AND THEN— I'M ONLY HUMAN— I GOT TIRED OF IT!

KNOWING THAT THERE WAS NO WAY OUT FOR ME, TIRED OF THE REPELLENT ROLE OF THE HUNTED ANIMAL, AND ON TOP OF THAT SUFFERING FROM A LIVER AILMENT, I GAVE UP ON THE DAWN OF THE FIFTH DAY, I SURRENDERED. I DID IT VERY SIMPLY AND WITH NO RESISTANCE, TO THE AMAZEMENT OF MY TRACKERS AND THEY WERE VERY CORRECT; I WAS NOT MISTREATED OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT. THEY EVEN TOOK CARE OF ME, FED ME, DRESSED ME. AND THEN THEY PLACED ME HERE, IN THIS SEAT. PEOPLE PASS ME BY, ONE BY ONE, AND I PUNCH THEIR TICKETS. I'VE NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT. MY CHAIN IS LONG ENOUGH TO LET ME REACH THE WATER FAUCET WHEN I'M THIRSTY, OR THE VENDING MACHINE WITH IT'S JUNK FOOD WHEN I'M HUNGRY. FOR SLEEP I HAVE A CUSHION.



AND I EVEN GET A SMALL SALARY. OH, NOT MUCH, BUT WHEN THEY LET ME OUT I'LL HAVE A SMALL NEST EGG, AS THEY SAY— ENOUGH TO BUY A LOT OF TICKETS. I KNOW THAT SOONER OR LATER I WILL FIND MY CAR.

END

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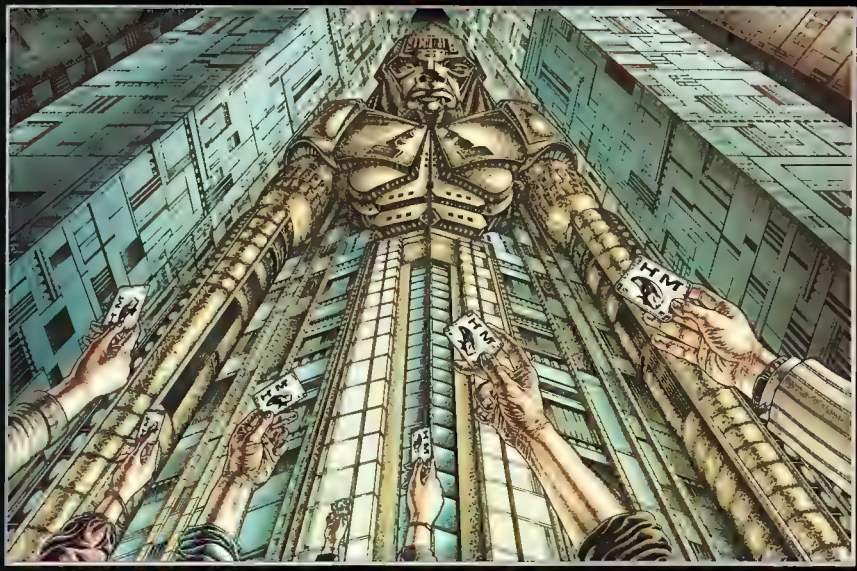

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THE PROPHET AND THE DICTATOR

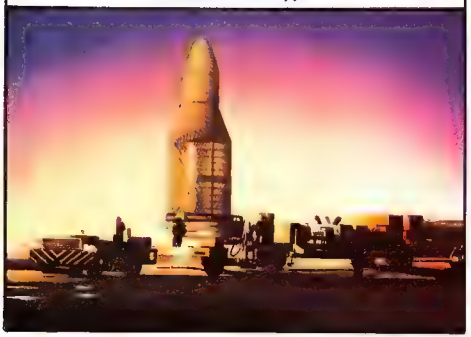
The prophet had put his finger on the greatest coup of his career. His computers told him that about fifty years in the future

lay the statistical certainty of atomic war—a war certain to devastate the world. The causes of

this war were unclear but appeared to revolve around one person. The identity of that person

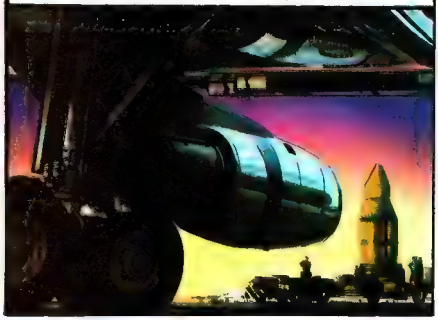
was clearly given in the computer reports. The situation could not be more serious, and

orders were issued by the Ministry of the Interior. I was assigned to carry out the mission. It was my job



to kill a child. I had already been given an undercover assignment in the correct country. It was

a deep cover and one I did not like to betray, but when I received my orders I had no choice but to carry them out.



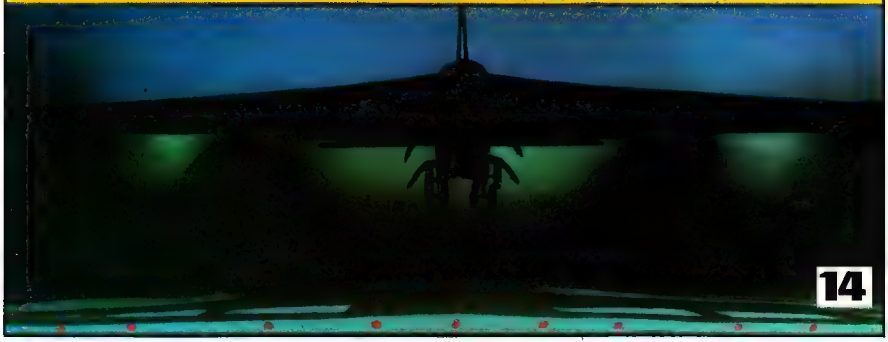
"I have been invested with a national mandate, and I am the sole judge concerning the eventual use of nuclear

force at such time as the life of the nation may be threatened. Last week I issued an ultimatum that,

if its terms were not met, called for me to take that action this morning at 12:30. At this time I

want to declare that the decision of this government remains irrevocable and that I have used the authority

invested in me to put into effect the program designed for this purpose by the general staff of the army."



14

Should anything go wrong, I will be on my own—nothing can be done for me. I must face my own destiny. I received

13

my orders and immediately began my investigation. In only two days I was able

12

to locate my victim in a hospital, to which I went at once.

11

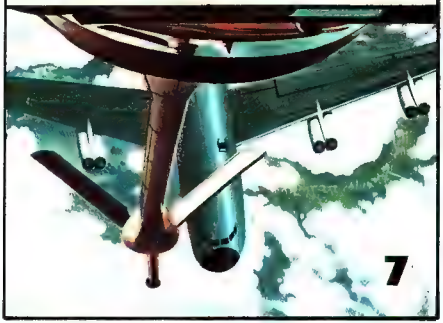
The building was a gigantic complex, but I was able to get directions to the room

10

I wanted. I took an elevator to the sixteenth floor, followed an interminably long corridor

to its end, and found a waiting room. The room was empty, but from an adjoining room

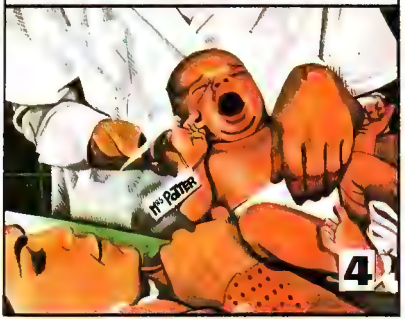
I could hear a woman moaning. Her cries reassured me. I knew I had



the right place. Her gasps and panting redoubled. This was it. I took out my Colt Parabellum

from its case and loaded it. I forced open the door and found myself facing a woman on her back with a newborn baby on her stomach. Beside her were the doctor and his nurse. But

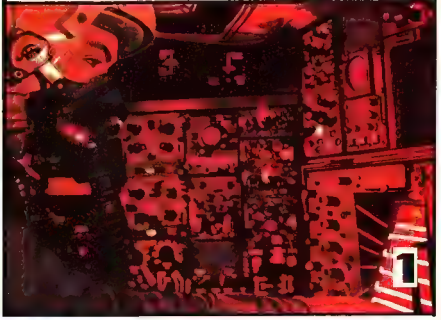
the room was monitored by cameras. Guards rushed through the door behind me! I had



time for only two shots before they got me. Then I fell into a black

hole. Much later I found myself in a bare cell, a bandage on my head. I had been judged and imprisoned. It is here

that I will surely die. Nothing will be done for me; I knew that. But a report was smuggled in to me. Our prophet's second reports states



that atomic war is now a certainty in fifty years. This can mean only one thing: I have failed. Somehow I missed my target and the child will

survive!

P. POIRIER

MUZICK by Lou Stathis

continued from page 6

tree-lined streets of sturdy, turn-of-the-century row houses in varying states of disrepair. Kind of like buildings marking time into slow decay, waiting patiently until the next up-cycle of urban gentrification rolls in. To a guy weaned on mortared-over abandoned hulks and obliviously snoozing junkies, this is almost paradise (even with the climate copped from Dante's *Inferno*).

Down one of these streets, in an industrial sector bordering the local hookers' promenade, is the Urban Verbs' practice studio. It is a large, windowless room on the top floor of a factory building, a place recently converted into offices and artists' spaces. I'm a bit late for our scheduled meeting, but I'm still the first to arrive. I dawdle in the hallway, sweating a bit, until a massive red dog comes bounding up the stairs, followed by Verbs bassist Linda France. "This is Jack," she says to me, as the savagely playful hound leaps onto my unprotected crotch, causing me a great deal of pain. The rest of the crew straggle in over the next fifteen or so minutes—guitarist and composer Robert Goldstein (whom I had met and chatted with some weeks earlier in NYC), synthe player Robin Rose, singer-lyricist Roddy Frantz, and drummer Danny Frankel (who introduces himself to me as Roddy, I suppose to check on whether I'm asleep or not).

Photographs by Ebet Roberts

Roddy Frantz

Linda France

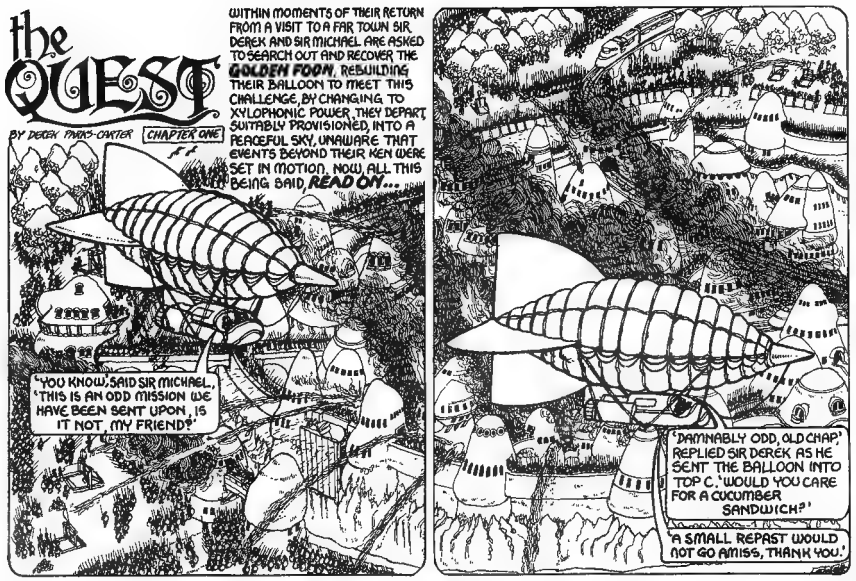
I'm struck first by how easy these characters are to talk with. Any sort of distancing tactics—rok pose, attitude facade, protective condescension, slip-on sincerity, and whatnot—seem to have long ago been deemed inappropriate by unanimous unconscious vote. They are merely five very upfront, accessible types who deliver exactly what you see of them. I suspect the band's age level (maturity, more precisely) might have something to do with it, as well as the fact that most of them have lives that exist and flourish exclusive of band activity. Year-wise, the Verbs hover in their mid to late twenties, excepting Robin, who checks in at a grizzled thirty-three. Life-wise, there are at least two parallel art careers going on, to say nothing of wholesale dabbling and Danny's non-Verbal, drum-compulsive workouts. This diversity of commitment and nonaligned ego deployment gives the band a sort of cool strength—a comfort and accomplished ease with themselves that has absolutely nothing to do with concert The Urban Verbs are most certainly not a statement of burning teenage rok monomania. They have something much more complex and intricate going for them.

The second thing I discover is that these guys *love* to talk. This goes beyond the usual sleazy tricks I employ to make interviews go more easily (shameless ego massaging, winking at the women, and so forth), and beyond as well the standard artist/performer self-publicizing babble. Linda, being shy and somewhat insecure, tends to hang back and let the others do most of the yakking. Danny is pretty much a gut-level, physical person who isn't as instantly articulate as the rest (his conversational contributions were at first filled with off-the wall non sequiturs that didn't make much sense, but after I got to know him better I learned the contexts in which his remarks were comprehensible). It is Robert, Roddy, and Robin—the three Rs, so to speak—who carry the bulk of the conversation, and the way they've assumed roles that are working metaphors for their roles in the band is a fascinating exercise in group-personality dynamics.

The breakdown goes roughly like this: Robin is the head (theorist), Robert the gut (decision maker), and Roddy the heart (passion center) In conversation, Robin is a nonstop verbal-information processor; his sentences unravel like magnetic tape, laden with abstract images and buoyed into reality by art/perception/information-theory associations. Onstage, he acts as the band's audio-atmospheric language translator, sitting behind his low-tech Arp Odyssey with his face enigmatically composed, scanning the crowd in search of feed data like a Czechoslovakian computer technician stranded in Times Square. Roddy's concerns are more personal and immediate, more directly challenging to his humanity; his lyrics are vignettes that reflect real-life situations, either unabashedly romantic or tense with the anxiety born of choices. Socially, he is polite, cordial, and talkative but also oddly controlled; in performance he lets go—he careens madly across the stage, shouting his words with a near-rabid fervor and rapidly soaking his clothes completely through with sweat. As Robert describes it, "He's like an actor in a Greek drama working out his catharsis." Robert exudes the calm exterior of someone who can't stop his stomach from worrying and has resigned himself to suffering. He has been acting as the band's manager from the beginning (a situation he'd like to change) and so, naturally, he and I talk a great deal about the more concrete aspects of the Verbs' existence. His performance persona is very dour and subdued—he rarely moves from a firmly planted, duck-footed stance, with only an occasional bit of pacing to work off some nervous energy. He resembles a tired and worried basset hound forced by his master to perform tricks, very patient and stoically enduring. His guitar playing is dreamily melodic, oiled to the saturation point with reverb, and rich in softly strummed overtones.

"The whole idea behind the band," Robert tells me, "was to get a relatively straight format (a solid rhythm section) and embellish it texturally—at the time I didn't know whether that should be done with saxophones and echoplex, or a guitar and effects, or synthesizer. Robin originally used a guitar and an echoplex. He discovered later that he related much better to the synthesizer—it's a more intuitive instrument." In late '77, Robert found himself without a band. His previous group, the Look, had just broken apart after achieving a small amount of local notoriety—by all accounts, they were both ahead of and behind their time ("protopsychedelic," Robert calls them). He knew Roddy as the singer for a one-gig bunch of kamikazes called the Controls, as well as from his performing-poet persona, Nicky Butane. There was a brief attempt at incorporating Roddy into the remains of the Look, but it didn't work A couple of months later the two met by chance in a local club

"We just started talking about doing something together," Robert says. "Roddy is this very dynamic, confident person. If he wants to do some

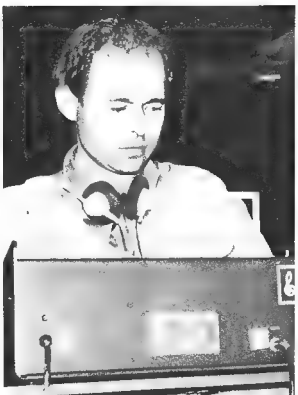

the QUEST
BY DEREK PARS-CARTER
CHAPTER ONE
WITHIN MOMENTS OF THEIR RETURN FROM A VISIT TO A FAR TOWN SIR DEREK AND SIR MICHAEL ARE ASKED TO SEARCH OUT AND RECOVER THE GOLDEN FOON, REBUILDING THEIR BALLOON TO MEET THIS CHALLENGE, BY CHANGING TO XYLOPHONIC POWER, THEY DEPART SUITABLY PROVISIONED, INTO A PEACEFUL SKY, UNAWARE THAT EVENTS BEYOND THEIR KEN WERE SET IN MOTION. NOW, ALL THIS BEING SAID, READ ON...
'YOU KNOW,' SAID SIR MICHAEL, 'THIS IS AN ODD MISSION WE HAVE BEEN SENT UPON, IS IT NOT, MY FRIEND?'
'DAMNABLY ODD, OLD CHAP,' REPLIED SIR DEREK AS HE SENT THE BALLOON INTO TOP C. 'WOULD YOU CARE FOR A CUCUMBER SANDWICH?'
'A SMALL REPAST WOULD NOT GO AMISS, THANK YOU.'

thing, he just does it. So here he was saying to me, 'You're the best fucking guitar player in this city, so why don't you either shit or get off the pot?' It was like a challenge hurled at me. I knew I wanted to work with him—he was unquestionably the most charismatic stage personality in the area. 'Don't worry about a fucking band,' he told me; 'let's just start doing and we'll get a band later.' I had these very definite ideas about what I wanted to do musically, and I guess I just needed him to boot me in the ass. Roddy has this ability to galvanize me, to get me going. Almost immediately there was this chemistry between us."

Within a couple of months, Roddy and Robert had a handful of songs tentatively worked up, and a couple of unsympathetic musicians who wanted out. Robert brought in two artist friends that he had also been playing with—Linda and Robin—and the four (plus a non-Danny drummer) did a party together that New Year's Eve, as the Glands. It worked pretty well ("It took me weeks to get the Vaseline out of my hair," says Linda), and they followed it with another party gig on January 20, this time with Danny slapping the skins. After that, they decided to become a band.

"There wasn't much of a club scene in D.C. at the time," Robert continues. "You either played Top 40 covers, bar-band blues, or didn't play clubs. I learned from the Look that it didn't pay to beat your head against the wall and try to break in to these clubs, so we started manufacturing our own scene. I had been working as an art-exhibition consultant, so I knew what was involved in orchestrating events. We printed up our own posters [Linda is an adept silk-screen artist, and has all the neccesary equipment in the front room of her apartment] and plastered them up all over the city—no band had ever done that before. We tried to make each gig special, by playing in the most unlikely of places, and I think it worked."

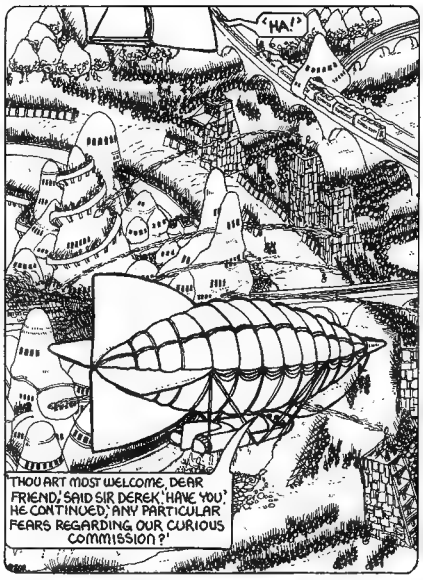
The Verbs made their first trip to NYC in August 1978, to play a weekend at CBGB. In the crowd

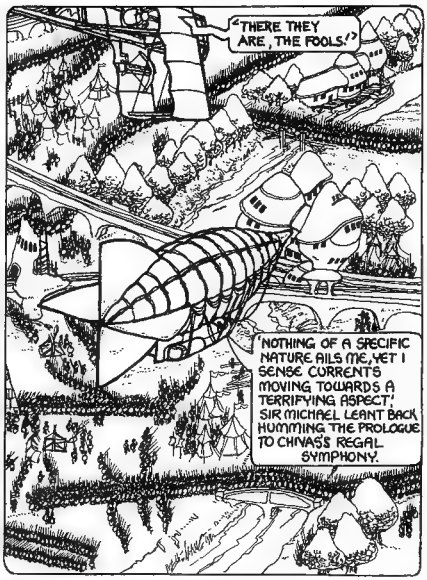


Robin Rose

was a Britisher of some small repute, a little guy named Brian Eno. This Mr. Eno (rhymes with *beano*) took a shine to the band and offered them some studio time to record two songs. Not surprisingly, they took him up on the deal and emerged with a high-quality demo tape with which to entice offers from record companies (and which also might be appearing soon as a single—watch for it). Warner Brothers nibbled and finally bit in February of '79 after the Verbs opened for the B-52s at D.C.'s Corcoran Theater and brought the house down in full view of the Warner's A&R department. Papers were signed in May, and the Verbs spent much of the fall in NYC's Media Sound studio, recording under the direction of Mike Thorne (the one responsible for three successively more breathtaking albums by Wire). *Urban Verbs* was released in March '80 (Warner Bros BSK 3418), with good response noted from the few scattered nonfossilized radio stations left in this country, more modest action from the buying public, and a number of absurdly microcephalic knee jerks from the press. (Example: "Roddy's brother plays the drums in this other band, see, so Urban Verbs are unquestionably derivative of That Band—and besides, his sibling probably got the band their recording contract." Pardon me while I dump my lunch on your boots.)

On first listening, *Urban Verbs* did almost nothing for me. I liked the tunes okay, and was moved by Roddy's almost Wagnerian sense of drama and passion; but I thought the sound was too mushy, too undefined, and—outside of Roddy's bronchial crooning and Danny's expert drumming -lacking any cutting edge. I was disappointed, because there were some moments I liked tremendously: Robert's shimmering chording during the bridge and coda of "The Only One of You," the Roxyesque dreaminess of "The Next Question," and the powerful conclusion of "The Good Life," but I just wasn't comfortable with the rest. But slowly...the more I listened...and the louder I cranked up my equipment, the more I warmed to the album. Within a week, I was playing the fucking thing every couple of hours (the most I allow myself), and damned if I wasn't hearing something new every


'HA!'
'THOU ART MOST WELCOME, DEAR FRIEND,' SAID SIR DEREK, 'HAVE YOU' HE CONTINUED, 'ANY PARTICULAR FEARS REGARDING OUR CURIOUS COMMISSION?'


'THERE THEY ARE, THE FOOLS!'
'NOTHING OF A SPECIFIC NATURE AILS ME, YET I SENSE CURRENTS MOVING TOWARDS A TERRIFYING ASPECT.' SIR MICHAEL LEANT BACK HUMMING THE PROLOGUE TO CHIVAS'S REGAL SYMPHONY.

time. As Robert described it, "I think it's an album that reveals itself over time." I agree.

Robin adds, "The album sounds different from most coming out right now, and it subjects you to a lot of aspects that you have to accept in order to like the album. There are hard, driving bass lines, but none of the watery sort of sound albums by bands like the Cars have, or the spatial obviousness of most California bands (guitar here, bass there, etc.). It has for me a very hot and airy sound, as opposed to the cold and wet feel most other stuff has. It's a very understated, elemental album in respect to tonal and textural development."

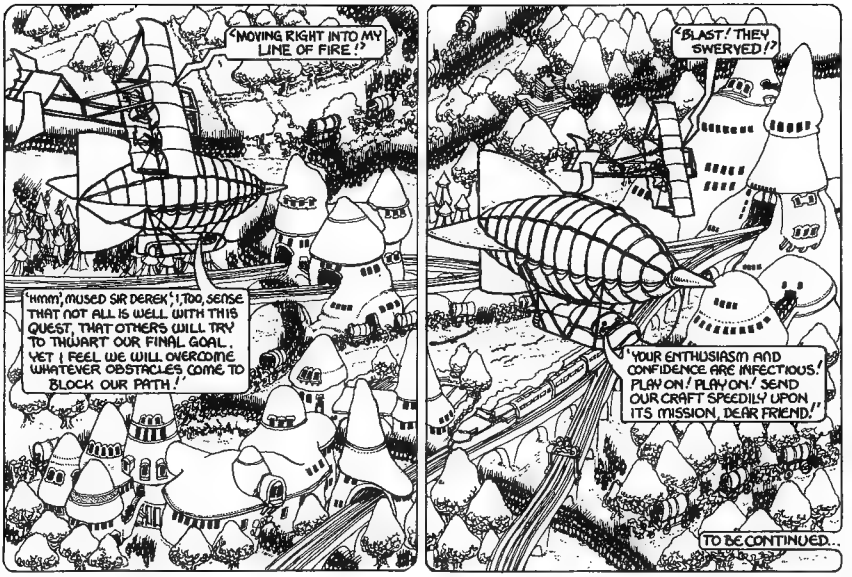
This album — and this band, too — really is something special. The record has a presence all its own and a subtly revolutionary impact that'll glide right past most casual listeners. "We do have a sense of individualism about us," Robert admits, "but I feel we're revolutionary — in the sense that Tony Williams Lifetime or the Mahavishnu Orchestra were revolutionary. I just like to synthesize different elements, and through the fruition of that synthesis move things forward a little bit." The achievement of this album is the incredible amount of sonic activity that has been embedded in the surface of the music, structured neither laterally nor vertically — as has been the custom — but interwoven. Like the surface of a huge banner fluttering in the wind, it is forever wrinkling and billowing out different sections of the surface into and out of our field of perception. There is deliberate order to this movement, though, and not just a randomly shifting pattern of sound. Robert terms it a "swirling miasma" and likens it to the work of Debussy, with its liquid ambience and subliminal tonalities.

"Robin is very adept at creating atmospheres with the synthesizer, and what he and I can do together creates in itself something else," Robert says. "A lot of what he plays is an echo in a different textural sense of what I'm playing. There are places, listening to the album now, where I'm not sure if I've played something or if Robin has." Robert and Robin see their roles as collective sound collagers, illustrating the Verbs' songs with highly visual imagery. The result is an array of sonic representation, from the explicit (telephone electrobabble on "Ring, Ring (My Telephone's Talking)"; air bubbles rising through the melody of "Luca Brasi"; and the dive-bombing synthe that brings "The Good Life" to an eerie conclusion) to the subliminal (the sense of doom that pervades "The Good Life"; the melodic, romantic flow of "The Next Question"; and the tender ecstasy of "The Only One of You").

Robert Goldstein

In Robin's hands the synthesizer becomes much more than just a keyboard instrument, or a device to make funny noises with. He uses the synthe as a tool to add another synaesthetic dimension to the music, another layer of information that is to be perceived on a different level. "It's a field-effect instrument," he says. "I use it to generate wave forms and tones that prepare people for the moods of the songs." Few synthesists seem to use their instruments in this way; coming the closest are perhaps Allen Ravenstine of Pere Ubu and Bob Boilen of another D.C. band, the as yet unrecorded Tiny Desk Unit. As influence, Robin cites a lot of psychedelic music — early Pink Floyd, and especially an obscure duo from the mid sixties called Silver Apples (featuring "Simeon" on four oscillators). He also credits his art background for giving him ideas of perceptual manipulation and a visual approach to sound (Robin is a respected, gallery exhibited painter; he works in beeswax, and deals with subtle surface textures and lighting/depth perception, all set in a geometric representation of a proscenium stage).

The Verbs function as a smoothly machined, organic unit, or, in Robin's words, "like a surgical team — everybody knows their job and does it happily." There is a sense of newness about their music, a fresh approach to a strongly traditional genre — songs about human beings wrestling with contemporary problems and ideas. The Verbs' strength is their accessibility on a number of levels; you can dance to it and you can ponder it, and while you're doing either one you don't feel as if the other


'MOVING RIGHT INTO MY LINE OF FIRE!'
'HMM', MUSED SIR DEREK', TOO, SENSE THAT NOT ALL IS WELL WITH THIS QUEST, THAT OTHERS WILL TRY TO THWART OUR FINAL GOAL. YET I FEEL WE WILL OVERCOME WHATEVER OBSTACLES COME TO BLOCK OUR PATH!'
'BLAST! THEY SWERVED!'
'YOUR ENTHUSIASM AND CONFIDENCE ARE INFECTIOUS! PLAY ON! PLAY ON! SEND OUR CRAFT SPEEDILY UPON ITS MISSION, DEAR FRIEND.'
TO BE CONTINUED...

is being cheated. It's a supremely satisfying concoction.

nuvinyl

There are numerous other bands around who are doing interesting things with the traditional rok format. I strongly recommend **the Cure**, a young British band with one album available in the U.S.A: *Boys Don't Cry*, on Jem's PVC label (catalog number 7916). This album consists mostly of material from their first British LP, *Three Imaginary Boys*, with the addition of a few singles and one previously unavailable cut. The standout on the album is "Jumping Someone Else's Train," a heartfelt, vituperative attack on fashion followers. The music here isn't ugly or angry; it's melodic, danceable, and emotionally placid. Robert Smith's voice is plaintively nasal and extraordinarily effective. The Cure's second album is available only as an import from Fiction Records in Britain (FIX 004), called *17 Seconds*—and it is absolutely stunning. Its tonal qualities resemble the Urban Verbs' album somewhat, but it is more sparse and airy, with ringing guitar notes and exceptionally subtle synthe touches flavoring the air like gentle incense. I've been listening to this album daily for almost six months, and I've yet to tire of it. It's perfect for every mood (though it is somewhat depressed), and can be played effectively at any volume. Buy it

Magazine's third and latest is *The Correct Use of Soap* (Virgin VA13144, U.S. distribution by Atlantic), and it represents something of a departure for them. The LP surfaces the soul/funk roots that were always implicit in the band, and while I like most of it, I find that Howard Devoto doesn't always fit into this style. His singing in spots lacks the tension it displayed with such force on the previous LPs, and he just doesn't sound strung-tight anymore. Personally, I prefer Devoto singing like Devoto as opposed to Devoto singing like a human being (we've already got plenty of the latter and have only one of the former). But the songs are

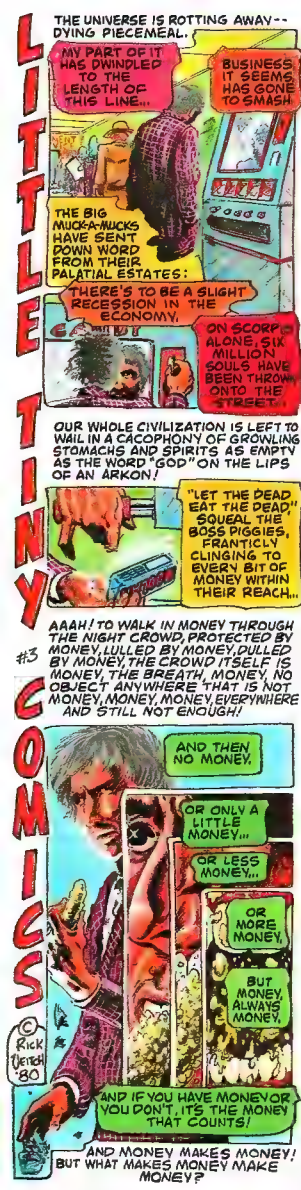
Danny Frankel

some of their best, and the band is in top form (especially bassist Barry Adamson). Am I nuts, or does "Model Worker" sound like a retake of "The Cool Jerk"?

Unequivocally recommended is the **Gang of Four**'s *Entertainment!* (Warner Bros. BSK 3446), a criminally exciting band that should be touring the country as you read this. (Stop reading! Go out and see them!) The album is a blistering tour de force of high-energy body music and highbrow political thinking. Dub Reggae-influenced production and arrangements, Mike Gren/Wilko Johnson-influenced guitar slashing, and crumbling-capitalism-influenced lyrics.

Also recommended: **Random Hold**'s *Etceteraville* (Passport PB 9847): strong, tightly controlled rok with something to say; **Devo**'s *Freedom of Choice* (Warner Bros. BSK 3435): less idiosyncratic, more filler, good straight-ahead rok with that distinctive Devo twist; **the Tapes**' *Party* (Passport PB9842): angular, Talking Heads–derived rok from this Dutch quartet, interesting in a twitchy kind of way; **Elton Motello**'s *Pop Art* (Passport PB 9846): post-Bowie high-art pop, with moments that resemble XTC and Sparks as well as some direct cops from "The Golden Years" ("All the Boys"), the Chantays' "Pipeline" ("Out of Limit"), and a couple of others I'm not sharp enough to catch—good fun if you don't take it too seriously; **the Brain**'s self-titled album on Mercury (SRM 1 3835): essentially bar-band stuff with interestingly neurotic lyrics; and finally, *Los Angeles* by the imaginatively named **X** (Slash Records SR 104, distributed by Jem): punx from elay who actually manage to squeeze some life out of an otherwise obsolete subgenre. I didn't want to like this one, but I did. Anyway, these are all American product, gang, so there's no excuse for not buying them.

Hot Tip of the Month: Watch out for *Doc at the Radar Station* from Virgin/Atlantic in late September—Captain Beefheart's first authentic masterpiece. It is the kind of brilliant work that makes irrelevant any glib superlative I could come up with. This is the one *all of us* have been waiting for. Hail Van Vliet.


LITTLE TINY COMICS
#3
THE UNIVERSE IS ROTTING AWAY--DYING PIECEMEAL.
MY PART OF IT HAS DWINDLED TO THE LENGTH OF THIS LINE...
BUSINESS IT SEEMS, HAS GONE TO SMASH.
THE BIG MUCKA-MUCKS HAVE SENT DOWN WORD FROM THEIR PALATIAL ESTATES:
THERE'S TO BE A SLIGHT RECESSION IN THE ECONOMY.
ON SCORP ALONE, SIX MILLION SOULS HAVE BEEN THROWN ONTO THE STREET.
OUR WHOLE CIVILIZATION IS LEFT TO WAIL IN A CACOPHONY OF GROWLING STOMACHS AND SPIRITS AS EMPTY AS THE WORD "GOD" ON THE LIPS OF AN ARKON!
"LET THE DEAD EAT THE DEAD," SQUEAL THE BOSS PIGGIES, FRANTICLY CLINGING TO EVERY BIT OF MONEY WITHIN THEIR REACH...
AAAH! TO WALK IN MONEY THROUGH THE NIGHT CROWD, PROTECTED BY MONEY, LULLED BY MONEY, DULLED BY MONEY, THE CROWD ITSELF IS MONEY, THE BREATH, MONEY, NO OBJECT ANYWHERE THAT IS NOT MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, EVERYWHERE AND STILL NOT ENOUGH!
AND THEN NO MONEY.
OR ONLY A LITTLE MONEY...
OR LESS MONEY...
OR MORE MONEY.
BUT MONEY ALWAYS MONEY.
AND IF YOU HAVE MONEY OR YOU DON'T, IT'S THE MONEY THAT COUNTS!
AND MONEY MAKES MONEY! BUT WHAT MAKES MONEY MAKE MONEY?
©RICK DEITCH '80

SIDEBAR
by Robert Silverberg

continued from page 6

so on and so on.

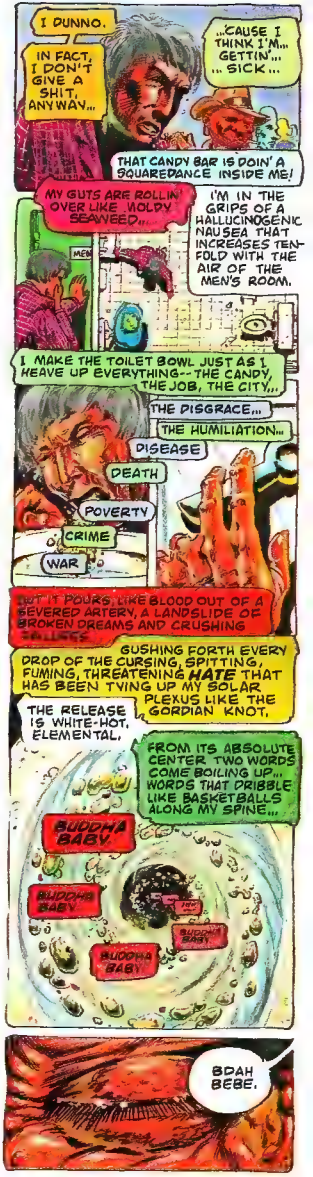
The story really isn't as silly as I've made it sound. Heinlein worked out everything in superb detail, and it felt real at the time because it was as close to a projection of how it would actually be as anyone then could imagine. But when we got down to the drawing board a decade and a half later, it turned out that Heinlein had missed a few minor aspects of detail, like the multibillion-dollar multicorporation government-coordinated effort necessary to put spacemen on the moon, or the fact that a three-stage chemical-fuel ship made more sense than an atomic rocket, or that computer power undreamed of in 1950 would be needed to calculate trajectories, or that there would be an elaborate, highly public, and probably unnecessary process of crew selection and training. And although Heinlein's spacemen do—after great technical struggle—send a radio message back to Earth from the moon, nobody in the entire history of science fiction even remotely imagined that when the first lunar landing took place, the population of Earth *would watch the entire thing happen live on television*. It just never occurred to any of us that anything like that would take place.

If Heinlein—Heinlein, mind you—so grievously muffed the details of the first lunar voyage, what value do science fiction's other attempts at specific prediction have?

The atomic bomb, you say? You're going to drag up the famous tale of how Cleve Cartmill predicted the A-bomb in a story in 1944, prompting a visit by the FBI to the editor of the magazine that published Cartmill's story? Sure. But nuclear fission was first achieved and quite publicly discussed in 1939, and the pages of that science fiction magazine—*Astounding Science Fiction*—had been full of speculative discussion of atomic weapons long before Cartmill wrote his otherwise undistinguished little item. All he was doing was using a standard item of science-fictional furniture that had been around for years, ever since the newspapers had carried the first accounts of what the nuclear physicists were up to. Prophecy? Piercing vision of the future? Just common sense, is all. It might have been impressive if some 1935 contributor to *Astounding* had come up with the notions of fission, critical mass, and enriched uranium and had thereby inspired the pioneering work of Fermi and Meitner. But it didn't happen that way.

Science fiction isn't altogether useless as prediction, of course. By necessity, it misses details—the Dow-Jones average next October, the name of the president to be elected in 1984—but it picks up patterns and trends. As Isaac Asimov once pointed out, it was easy enough to predict the automobile in 1880—just put some kind of engine in place of the horse that pulls the buggy. But what wasn't so easy was to envision, given the postulate of a horseless buggy, all the secondary consequences: paved highways, a gigantic oil-distribution network, traffic lights, traffic jams, collision insurance, whiplash injuries. The primitive science-fiction writer says, "What if we could replace the horse with some kind of engine?" The supremely great science-fiction writer would use that as his starting point and see all the way down the pike to gridlock.

Some of us have accomplished that from time to time. Heinlein, again, in a 1940 story about nuclear warfare called "Solution Unsatisfactory," magnificently imagined the problems the postwar world would face if one nation had exclusive possession of atomic weapons. The weapon Heinlein dreamed up was radioactive dust, not a bomb, but that's incidental to the central value of the story, which was its sophisticated grasp of fantastic political realities. Heinlein was looking past the horseless buggy to


I DUNNO.
IN FACT, I DON'T GIVE A SHIT, ANYWAY...
...'CAUSE I THINK I'M... GETTIN'... SICK...
THAT CANDY BAR IS DOIN' A SQUAREDANCE INSIDE ME!
MY GUTS ARE ROLLIN' OVER LIKE WOLDY SEAWEED...
I'M IN THE GRIPS OF A HALLUCINOGENIC NAUSEA THAT INCREASES TENFOLD WITH THE AIR OF THE MEN'S ROOM.
I MAKE THE TOILET BOWL JUST AS I HEAVE UP EVERYTHING--THE CANDY, THE JOB, THE CITY...
THE DISGRACE...
THE HUMILIATION...
DISEASE
DEATH
POVERTY
CRIME
WAR
BUT IT POURS, LIKE BLOOD OUT OF A SEVERED ARTERY, A LANDSLIDE OF BROKEN DREAMS AND CRUSHING FAILURES
GUSHING FORTH EVERY DROP OF THE CURSING, SPITTING, FUMING, THREATENING HATE THAT HAS BEEN TYING UP MY SOLAR PLEXUS LIKE THE GORDIAN KNOT.
THE RELEASE IS WHITE-HOT, ELEMENTAL.
FROM ITS ABSOLUTE CENTER TWO WORDS COME BOILING UP... WORDS THAT DRIBBLE LIKE BASKETBALLS ALONG MY SPINE...
BUDDHA BABY
BUDDHA BABY
BUDDHA BABY
BUDDHA BABY
BDAH BEBE.

the gridlock.

Others have done it—now and then. But not often enough to qualify us as true prophets.

What we are, in a way, is visionaries. We see shapes moving in the heavens, arranging themselves in patterns, and in the course of telling our stories we describe those patterns. Some of the patterns are sheer malarkey, and we know it. For the sake of telling our stories we're willing to use any sort of gaudy decoration; we are not, after all, in the business of prophecy, but rather of entertainment. We know a lot about the future, because we think about trends and we keep an eye on the developments that are likely to shape the future—but we are willing to make up any old thing if we see a good story in it. (Do I think that there'll be commercial time travel in the year 2012? that the dead will be brought back to life in 1993? that anyone will build skyscrapers to house a million people? You can bet your DNA I don't— but all those ideas made good stories.)

And yet, despite all I've said, science fiction does have a certain predictive power. It prepares us for eventualities. It doesn't tell us how many legs the aliens who may visit us next year are likely to have, or what planet they'll come from —but it gives us some idea of how we're apt to behave if aliens do land on our world. It doesn't tell us truthfully how the computers of the year 2150 are going to work, but it gets us ready—now—for an era when brainpower will be augmented a thousandfold by handy little supercomputers that we'll wear like earrings or wristwatches. It can't tell us whether a Democrat or a Republican will win the 1996 presidential election—but it may hint at changing conditions that might bring some entirely different political party to power by then, or that might eliminate that year's election altogether.

When I'm cornered at a party and asked to give specific predictions about politics or the stock market or the future of OPEC, I do so quite freely and with passion. What the hell, my opinions are as interesting as most people's, and more substantial than many, simply because I've spent my entire life reading about and thinking about and writing about the future. But I don't make the mistake of believing that I'm infallible, or anything like it, and I try to indicate that my ideas are worth hearing only because I'm an articulate and well-informed man, not because my standing as a science-fiction writer confers upon me any kind of magical gift of foresight.

I think the main purpose of science fiction, after all, is to expand the reader's mental horizons, to open his eyes to wonders and blow his mind—*not* to tell him whether Exxon is a smarter investment than IBM. I believe science fiction is a kind of psychedelic substance, in other words, and make of that whatever you will.

And when the talk turns to prophecy, I remind people of Heinlein's *Destination Moon* and all the other specific predictions that didn't quite happen that way. And I point to current trends and warn against extrapolating them to infinity, too—another fault in cut-rate prophecy. No tree grows right through the sky, and no trend lacks its built-in correction. (Remember the predictions, twenty years ago, of a hideously overpopulated world by 1980? Didn't happen. We got Zero Population Growth instead, somehow. Now folks are worrying about the consequences of too much ZPG—but even while the doomsayers foresee a rapidly emptying world, those of us with sharper eyes are noticing a lot of pregnant women again, suddenly. Trends have a way of correcting.)

That "absolute elimination of doubt" that my Stochastic Man craved with such joy is not likely to become available to us for a long time, if ever. Perhaps a time will come when we get so good at building predictive computers that we enter an era of total determinism, but I hope not. Not a bad idea for a story, though....

SF by Steve Brown

continued from page 6

imaginary device to pull himself out of a tight corner in a plot (for instance, a machine that would allow the killer in a locked-room situation to alter the characteristics of the subatomic structure of his body and pass through the wall in order to escape).

For the most part, SF and mysteries have remained apart, with a relatively small overlap in readership. This compartmentalization has worked to the detriment of both genres: of SF, because of the lack of experience in understanding the twists that the human psyche can take; of mysteries, because of the lack of imaginative breadth, the tendency toward a monochrome palette.

Attempts to meld SF and mystery have met with varying degrees of success. Probably the best-known mixtures have been Issac Asimov's two novels about a robot detective (*The Naked Sun* and *Caves of Steel*). The finest contemporary efforts at literary cross-pollination are Larry Niven's continuing series about Gil Hamilton, also known as Gil the Arm (because of the accident that deprived him of an arm but gave him a psychic power—he can manipulate objects with his mind, but only those within arm's reach, and those capable of being manipulated by an arm).

The Patchwork Girl is Niven's newest adventure involving Gil the Arm. It is set in Hovestraydt City, a lunar colony that has been functioning for 150 years. This is a classic murder mystery with all of the traditional elements: an inverted locked room (the killer was locked *out* on the moon's surface, at a time when there couldn't have been anyone out there); a plethora of suspects, all of whom had reason to kill; and a series of baffling clues that fall into place, grudgingly, after much effort on Gil's part.

The victim was lasered in his bath by a figure briefly glimpsed outside his window. He wasn't killed, and managed to survive to tell his story. Attempted murder is just as capital a crime as successful murder in a society where executed criminals are "broken down" into their component organs for the ever voracious transplant industry.

This book is actually a novella (less than 40,000 words), but in its brief length, it covers a lot of ground. The reader learns quite a lot about the intricacies of law—involving Earth, lunar, and (asteroid) beltar variations (a legal conference between the three groups is in progress, and the ongoing murder investigation is used as a case study). A fascinating picture of lunar life is presented, from the vast pit in the middle of the city, where tremendous vertical gardens grow, to the contrasting mores of the three cultures.

The Patchwork Girl is a professional, highly skilled effort, a genuine SF mystery that doesn't cheat. But on the human level of unraveling the characters' emotional entanglements, the book displays Niven's most consistent flaw—the lack of any genuine emotion in the characters' speeches and actions. Witness this example of a woman relating some pretty harrowing emotional history:

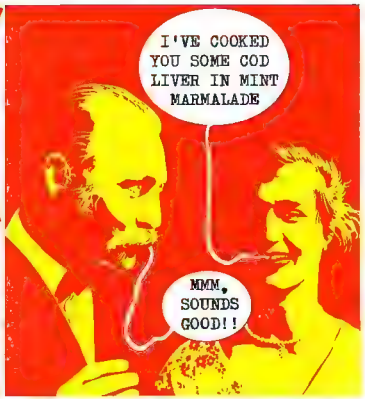
> "My husband tried to kill me. I got to one of the bathrooms, locked the door and went out the window. He killed our little girl and then himself. That was in June."
>
> "Why did he do it?"
>
> "I don't know. I've thought about it. I don't know."

That conveys all of the sense of personal tragedy of an accountant pondering the purchase of a new Cordova.

A word about the format: *The Patchwork Girl* was published as a six-dollar paperback with illustrations on virtually every page. These drawings are simple, flat, and lifeless renderings of scenes in the story that are already well described. An il-

INTERFERENCE

Jean Teulé



lustrated book should contain pictures that make a specific point, to add to or complement the narrative, not simply depict that which the reader's imagination has already envisaged better. I remember the days when a novella was published as a feature in a magazine or as a lead piece in a collection—not as a book in itself. The book is worth reading, but wait for the $2.50 version.

Where Niven's characters are colorless automatons, those in *The Paradise Plot*, a first novel by Ed Naha, project a garrulous pseudo-eccentricity that strains the reader's tolerance. This book is an earnest attempt at writing a "Rockford Files" episode set on an L5 colony (a large, cylindrical habitat in space containing 10,000 people and their farms, cows, pigs, and so forth scattered around the inside surface of the cylinder). A delegation from Earth arrives in order to take part in the ten-year-anniversary celebrations, and to examine the colony to see if it is worthwhile to keep it running. The book's protagonist, Harry Porter, is a cynical newspaper reporter filling the Jim Rockford role of wise-guy detective who resents the intrusion into his life of detecting. He stumbles on a cover-up of a murder, then a few more, and the chase is on. The pursuit of justice is complicated by the colony's rulers' fanatical insistence on covering up anything unpleasant. Nothing must taint the colony's image while the delegation is in town.

This is a fairly good premise for an SF mystery, though somewhat commonplace—L5 colonies seem to be the subject of every third SF novel these days. A lot of the book is fairly good. Some of the action scenes are well handled, and the pacing is crisp throughout. But Naha doesn't do enough homework, either in the creation of his colony or in the imaginative workout needed to give life to a story that has been written too often.

The most frustrating parts of *The Paradise Plot* are the questions left unanswered, which are far more interesting than the rather dull solution of the crimes. The most pressing question concerns the monthly drills all 10,000 citizens of the colony undergo for months before the Earth delegation arrives. They diligently practice for hours to present a picture of happy, industrious farmers. But what their conduct and life-styles were like *before* the happiness drills is never even alluded to, no less explained.

The murder mystery itself is undistinguished (though grisly—a laser may sound clean, but it can be a very messy weapon). The murderer is straight out of Marvel Comics: Egyptian robes, statements of murkily symbolic defiance, and all—at one point, after a tussle with Harry, the robed killer intones, in all seriousness, "Until our next encounter, Mr. Porter," then leaps out the window. The final solution is not only boring but also includes "scientific" explanations with all the credibility of bad fifties monster movies—"cosmic radiation" that causes hideous mutations in plant and animal life (rapidly, without the bother of transmission to the next generation).

Without an interesting mystery to unravel, we are left to appreciate the repartee of the characters and the colony itself. But the characters are a series of logic-free contradictions and never achieve enough humanity to identify with. Harry is supposed to be a worldly wise reporter, yet he is "frightened out of his wits" by the rapidity of nightfall on the colony, a process that takes fifteen minutes (night comes more quickly here than in some parts of the tropics). As a reporter, Harry should be more familiar with the major aspects of modern life than most people are, yet he displays an astonishing lack of knowledge whenever it is convenient for the author to explain something to the reader. An example is the colony's central computer complex, which Harry expects to be a gothic fortress containing banks of whirring machinery. He is surprised to find a small, well-lit building with miniaturized components. Minicomputers are a common fact of life *now*. Fifty years from now, the kind of megalithic computer Harry expected would

be an archaic construction to be found only in the Smithsonian.

Harry alternately proves to be sharp and observant, and very stupid—depending on the exigencies of the plot. At one point, he finds a murder victim's name in the phone book in his room (the victim's existence is being hushed up, and this is a tangible clue). He goes to sleep. In the morning, Sylvia (his partner in repartee) arrives. He tells her what he found. They look the name isn't there anymore. Harry proves to her that he was right by smearing her hand across the page. It comes up smudged. The book has been freshly printed. Harry accepts this amazing event with equanimity. Yet, a few pages later, when he calls directory assistance and asks for the victim's listing, the computer file has been wiped, to no one's surprise but Harry's. This agitates him to the point where he spends three entire pages worrying about it. Now, if there exists an organization so efficient that it can steal a phone book from a hotel room, reprint it (including resetting a page in type to avoid a blank spot), and then replace it—and, necessarily, every phone book in the colony—then it would be the merest afterthought to erase the phone computer. Our mastermind bad guy could ask his secretary to take care of it as he heads out the door to the printing presses. I worried about that phone book for the rest of the novel I wanted to know more about the people who could do that, and how they did it—yet it was never referred to again.

The final area of possible appreciation by a reader is the description of the L5 colony itself, which is cursory and riddled with factual errors. The most obvious physical difference between the colony and, say, Fetlock, Iowa, is never mentioned. With farms all the way around the inside of the cylinder, you could see farms and towns hanging over your head—a fact that could have made an effective and startling point of reference for the depiction of life on the colony.

Naha states that "...wind was, of course, impossible within...the habitat." Impossible? Necessary is closer to the truth. Leaving aside the question of the size of the air-regenerating plant, and the kind of wind it must put out, any enclosed space that size would generate its own weather by convection currents. Any weather should be assisted by the steep gravity gradient, ranging from zero G in the middle of the atmosphere to almost Earth normal on the ground. NASA's Vehicle Assembly Building and the Superdome in New Orleans both generate their own weather. The VAB grows clouds inside, and it occasionally rains. The Superdome has layers of differing air temperatures and constant breezes. Both of these buildings are a tiny fraction of the colony's size.

Naha commits one of the most basic errors in SF when referring to weightlessness. A character remarks, "But what if one of the slabs of machinery fell on top of one of your men? Those things must weigh tons." "On Earth, certainly. Up here they're light as a feather." Light as a feather, yes, but with tons of inertia. If one of those of those slabs fell on someone, the process would be very slow, but it would crush them just as thoroughly as it would on Earth.

With the exception of the first two pages, the language of the book is stodgy and imprecise, making a dull story even more boring—some acceptable action sequences notwithstanding. The colony's name is Island. The title sounds like a thousand books currently on the racks. Naha refers to a "...breathtaking look at sheer space outside the window [which] spanned endlessness, infinity"—a

OH! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TEACHER.
WASN'T THIS VERY FAR FOR YOU TO COME?
FROM QUEENS (WHERE I LIVE), IT TOOK ME UNDER 17 MINUTES TO GET TO THE UPPER WEST SIDE.
LOWER EAST SIDE!
WHAT? BUT LINCOLN CENTER IS ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE.
PERHAPS, BUT BOOTH STREET IS ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

WAIT A MINUTE... YOU LIVE ON BOOTH STREET? AREN'T YOU: SCHOOLTEACHER, 30, WELL DRESSED, LONELY, SEEKS SERIOUS ROMANCE. CALL:(212)580-5841?
NO! SO YOU COULDN'T BE ATTR. TRV. SALEMAN, WELL BLT. SKING FRDSHIP & MTL. ENJOYMENT (212)267-6969, BET: 10:00 P.M. & MIDNITE.
THE LADY I WAS MEANT TO SEE MUST STILL BE WAITING!
THE GENTLEMAN I WAS EXPECTING MUST BE LOST.
WELL, I GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE...

description without an iota of semantic content or lyrical effectiveness. Contrast that with Larry Niven's "...stars by the hundred thousand, so hard and bright you could reach up and feel their heat."

Naha shows a lot of promise in some parts of the book. If he can curb his tendency toward imaginative laziness and cheating (they grow everything on Island but oranges, which must be imported at ruinous expense—and surprise! an Island-grown citrus substitute happens to play a key role in the story), he will write some good books. The first two pages indicate the promise for his future work. They are taut and drenched with tension—Harry is trapped in a room with a psychopath who has both a gun and a grudge against Harry. The tension is tight. But instead of attaining a climax, it leaves us with a wet dream—literally: it turns out that the whole scene is, in fact, a dream. The event happened months ago, and neither the event nor the psychopath has any bearing on the story at all. This turns a fine bit of writing into a shameless hook, manipulating the reader to an insulting degree. But it is self-defeating. The rest of the book never achieves any of the suspense or credibility of that scene.

Another first novel, *The Man in the Darksuit*, by Dennis R. Caro, also features a wisecracking detective but makes Naha's book seem like *Les Miserables* by comparison. This is a worthless trifle with but one small redeeming touch.

There is a bickering couple: an ex-athlete and current free-lance secret agent, and a chubby heiress to millions (who bicker for about 70 percent of the book). There is a plot of sorts—bad guys are siphoning money from the heiress's corporations, and there is some sabotage on one of her mining planets. There is the title character, who runs around clumsily trying to conceal his identity from the reader and assigning idiot henchmen to do pointless tasks.

Dennis Caro seems to have watched too much TV. His book is written like a *Charlie's Angels* script whose author once tried to read a Raymond Chandler novel and gave up. Caro wastes no opportunity to confuse the sardonically witty with the stiflingly cute. Take this piece of runaway anthropomorphizing, for instance:

> Coggins' sense of detachment was nailing up a sign. DANGER QUICKSAND. He ignored it.
>
> "I think you know a lot more about other people than you do about yourself" (said another character to Coggins).
>
> The comment came screaming into Coggins' mind like a mortar. It blew up the quicksand sign. Detachment dove into a foxhole and came up wearing a World War I French Army helmet. He shook his fist at Coggins.

Naha, at least, is sincere—though misguided and sloppy. Caro seems to have an active hatred for his readership.

Oh, yeah. The redeeming factor? Well, there is a human bad guy who was raised on another planet by intelligent tumbleweeds. At one point, when he is wandering in the desert and has to get somewhere in a hurry, he tucks himself into a ball and *rolls* away across the shifting sands.

Now *that's* funny, but one paragraph is hardly worth $1.95.

The Patchwork Girl, by Larry Niven, Ace, April 1980, $5.95 (paperback)
The Paradise Plot, by Ed Naha, Bantam, November 1980, $2.25
The Man in the Darksuit, by Dennis R. Caro, Pocket Books, September 1980, $1.95

THE ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE AND HIS INCREDIBLE AETHER FLYER

All was not well at the Palace of Peace and Joy! True, the exterior aspects of the royal seat of the Lunite Commonwealth were as dazzling as ever, rose marble and jade green towers shimmered in the bright rays of old Sol, competing in beauty with the dense and exotic shrubbery imported from the quarters of the moon by the legendary King Lunus. The splendid Royal Ice Cream Brigade, cracking fellows all, continued to parade smartly up and down the courtyard below, while sounds of rippling water and tinkling chimes filled the faintly perfumed air. But still, as said, all was not well...

GENTLEMEN, I AM DEEPLY CONCERNED ABOUT HER MAJESTY!

WOOFF & SMILES

CHAPTER NINE

SHE SNAPS AT EVERYONE AND DOES NOT TOUCH HER MEALS!

SHE HAS BEEN **FEVERISHLY FLUSHED** TODAY!

SHE PACES ABOUT AS IF EAGER TO BE ABOUT SOMETHING!

EVER SINCE SHE RECEIVED THAT **WOUND** UPON HER BREAST SHE HAS BEEN MOODY... TROUBLED... UNPREDICTABLE!

COULD BE **LOVE**, ZARTA!

AH, **LOVE!** OF **COURSE!**

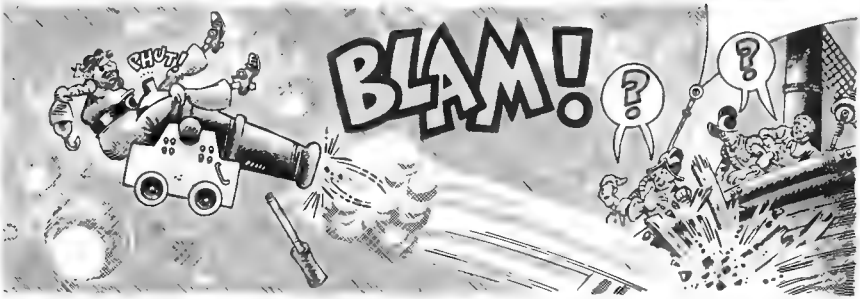
BUT WE MUST GO **DEEPER** THAN LOVE, READER, TO FIND THE TRUTH BEHIND THESE MATTERS. WE MUST GO **WITHIN** QUEEN SELENA HERSELF, WHERE WE FIND...

FREEDOM!

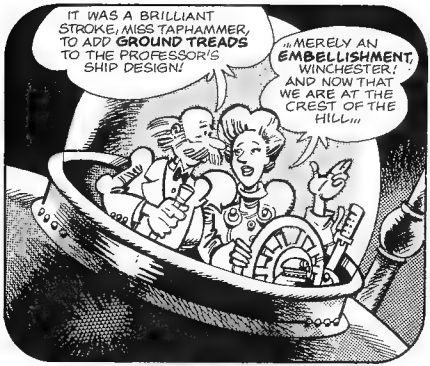
FREE AT **LAST!**

YES, IT IS NONE OTHER THAN THE CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR, OR, TO BE EXACT, THE CRISPUS ATTUCKS, REDUBBED BY HER NEWLY SELF-APPOINTED COMMANDING OFFICER, THE RASCALLY JEFFERSON JACKSON CLAY OR THE EQUALLY RENAMED MENELIK XX CHAKA!
HMM... WHAT'S THAT?
AHA! LUCK IS WITH ME!
'TIS NONE OTHER THAN CAPTAIN LUPE Y ALVARADO'S GALLEON, THE ESCARABAJO!
EUREKA! CAN I BUT CONVERT HER CREW TO REVOLUTION, WE SHALL SWEEP THE STARS!
WHILE ON THE ESCARABAJO A DIFFERENT KIND OF REVOLUTION HAS OCCURRED.
ALL HANDS ON DECK!
MAN YOUR BATTLE STATIONS!
BEAT TO QUARTERS!
PREPARE THE CANNON, YOU MANGY SCUM!
...AND IF ANY REMAIN ALIVE...
...SLIT THEIR THROATS!
BUT IF THE TREACHEROUS AND UNGRATEFUL FORMER LACKEY WAS UNAWARE OF THIS THREAT, HE WAS SUDDENLY ALL TOO PERTURBED UPON NOTICING SOMETHING GLIMMERING IN THE INKY VASTNESS OF THE INNER SELENITE VOID...
?

FOR THE RENEGADE COMMODORE BEHELD NONE OTHER THAN THE "COLDOPTER" FRIGIDIA!
SCALLYWAG! THE HOUR OF RECKONING IS AT HAND!
OH LAWDY!
AND AT HER PILOT'S STATION WAS NONE OTHER THAN HIS FORMER EMPLOYER, THE OFAY PROFESSOR THEOBALD URIAH THINTWHISTLE, MUCH REDUCED IN SIZE!
FOR A MOMENT THE FORMER JEFFERSON JACKSON CLAY'S SPIRITS PLUNGED, BUT SOMEHOW, DEEP IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF HIS PRIMITIVE YET CUNNING BRAIN, A TERRIBLE PLAN BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE!
OF COURSE! THE ELECTRICAL MAGNETIC RAY DEPOLARIZER!
AT THIS POINT THE NEW READER MAY STAND IN CONSIDERABLE CONFUSION. "ELECTRICAL MAGNETIC RAY DEPOLARIZER?" THE NEW READER MAY ASK, "HUH?" BUT THE STEADY, FAITHFUL, RELIABLE READER WILL BE REWARDED BY THE MEMORY OF THIS DEVICE, FIRST SEEN IN CHAPTER TWO, PAGE FIVE, PANEL SEVEN, WHEN JEFFERSON EMPLOYED IT IN THE DESTRUCTION OF LIEUTENANT BLITHERING-SNIPE AND HIS MYSTERIOUS DOOM ASTERIOD! PRETTY ADVANCED FOR A NINETEENTH-CENTURY RURAL NEGRO MANSERVANT, EH?
REMEMBER?
HEH, HEH!
PROFESSOR! WE ARE BEING PULLED INTO THE AETHER FLYER'S SMOKESTACK! DO SOME-THING!
I...! CAN'T, YOU NINNY! DRAT IT!
YEEEE
WE'LL FRY! WE'LL FRY!
BRACE YOURSELF, LAD!
AND THE FRIGIDIA, GRIPPED IN THE MERCILESS PULL OF THE DIABOLICAL DEVICE, TUMBLED OVER THE SMOKESTACK RIM, DOWN THE BLACK AND SOOTY NECK, TO STRIKE SQUARELY IN THE CENTER OF THE SEARING FLAMES OF THE FINEST WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA ANTHRACITE!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, FAR, FAR AWAY IN BUFFALO FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA, ATOP THE GEOGRAPICAL FEATURE KNOWN AS REVOLUTIONARY HILL, A STRANGE AND HITHERTO ONLY ONCE PRECEDENTED EVENT WAS BEING **REENACTED**.


IT WAS A BRILLIANT STROKE, MISS TAPHAMMER, TO ADD GROUND TREADS TO THE PROFESSOR'S SHIP DESIGN!
...MERELY AN EMBELLISHMENT, WINCHESTER! AND NOW THAT WE ARE AT THE CREST OF THE HILL...

...LET US DEPART!

WE NEED NOW BUT TO FOLLOW THE PLAN OUTLINED BY "OLD TUT" IN HIS NOTEBOOK AND WE SHALL QUICKLY DISCOVER HIS WHEREABOUTS!

...AND SO...

AND SPEAKING OF "OLD TUT"...
WE'LL FRY!
WE'LL FRY!
PSHAW, HERKIMER, YOU YOUNG DOLT, CAN YOU NOT DEDUCE THAT WE ARE PROTECTED FROM THE FLAME BY THE FRIGIDIA'S FIELD OF COLD?
CRACKLE!
HISS!

STILL, WE CANNOT REMAIN HERE FOR LONG... FORTUNATELY, WE STILL HAVE A TRICK OR TWO... I CAN AIM THE COLDOPTER'S GIMBELS AND THUS PROJECT A BEAM OF INTENSE COLD!

THAT RASCAL IS BOUND TO OPEN THE FURNACE GRATE SOON, AND... AH! THERE HE IS NOW!

TAKE THAT, POLTROON!
ZOT!

YOU CAN COME OUT NOW, HERKIMER, HE'LL BE FROZEN FOR A WHILE!
GROAN! SIGH!
NEVER HAS A RULER OF THE LUNITES BEEN AS UNFORTUNATE AS I!
ON THE ROYAL SEAT OF THE LUNITE COMMONWEALTH, MATTERS WERE MOVING FROM BAD TO WORSE! THE PALACE OF PEACE AND JOY HAD BEEN FILLED TO OVERFLOWING WITH MERRYMAKERS AND CELEBRANTS OF EVERY SORT IN HOPES OF RESTORING THE GOOD DISPOSITION OF HER MAJESTY SELENA, QUEEN OF THE MOON.
IT WASN'T WORKING.

MY EARS RING, MY HEAD SWIMS, MY STOMACH RISES AND FALLS WITHIN MY POOR BODY!
NOW, NOW, DO NOT DESPAIR, YOUR MAJESTY, WE WILL FIND A CURE YET!

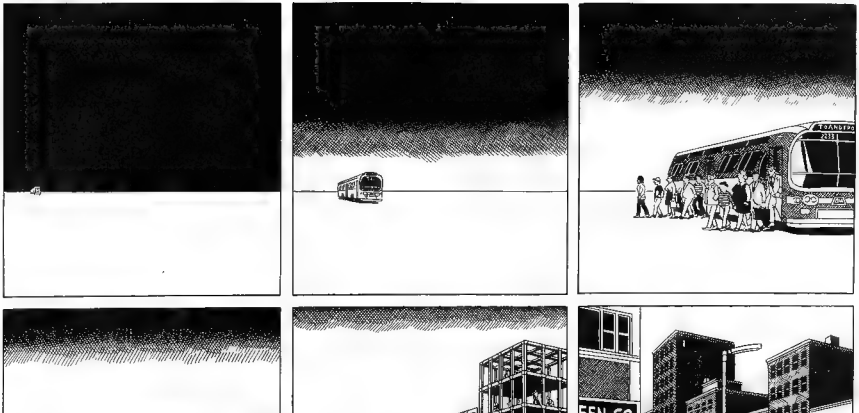
DO YOUR BEST, DOCTOR RUVUMA, BUT I DO INDEED DESPAIR OF BEING CURED. I FEAR MY DEATH IS INEVITABLE, LEAVING A BLOODY WAR OF SUCCESSION IN ITS WAKE!

IT SEEMS CLEAR TO ME THAT SOME DISRUPTIVE ELEMENT MUST HAVE ENTERED YOUR BODY AT THE TIME OF YOUR RECENT WOUND!
...I THINK A GOOD PURGATIVE IS CALLED FOR!
CHOKE!

COMING NEXT: TO BE CONCLUDED!

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



COMIX by Jay Kinney

continued from page 7

UCWA but he also worried that it might actually be harmful. That the union meeting was held at Rip Off Press, with some of the "bosses" present, only emphasized the awkwardness. Nevertheless, the unionizing effort continued.

At the third UCWA meeting, Albert Morse—an attorney attached to *Zap*'s law firm, and later Crumb's mouthpiece for several years—gave the artists a rundown on copyright laws, driving home the notion that copyrights could protect artists, whether unionized or not. Greg Irons reported on the possibilities of the group's buying art supplies in bulk at wholesale prices. And Bill Griffith, armed with facts and figures, presented a look at the costs of printing and distributing comix.

Up to this point, royalties for artists had not been standardized—they varied slightly, depending on the publisher or the comic. After some discussion, the assembled artists decided to demand a standard 10 percent of cover price in royalties, which boiled down to $12.50 per page for 10,000 comics selling for fifty cents each. Since many comix were averaging a 20,000-copy first printing, this worked out to a whopping $25 per page in most cases. Though the cartoonists did not formally approach publishers with this proposal following the meeting, word of the decision did get out, and this became the standard underground royalty rate.

A union policy for dealing with the slicker, non-UG publications was much harder to arrive at. This was in no small part because the cartoonists were hardly integral to the format of these would-be mass newsstand magazines · magazines that depended far more on text and photos than on cartoons—and thus the artists were in no position to do much bargaining, either singly or en masse. Within a year's time, both *Earth* and *Organ* were gone and forgotten anyway, while other locally produced media—like *Rolling Stone* and *Ramparts*—had little use for comix.

Following the spate of meetings in late 1970 and early 1971, the union receded into comfortable inactivity. UCWA union labels (each one unique) turned up on UG comic covers all across the country over the next few years, more as a gesture of amorphous solidarity among cartoonists than as any indication of active membership. Yossarian, still cartooning for the *East Village Other* in New York, created his own tongue-in-cheek version of the UCWA label—a circle around a knife plunged into a map of the U.S.A.—and displayed it in the corner of his cartoons. A stylized version of Yossarian's label in red, white, and blue was later used for a silk-screened UCWA T shirt, which was produced by friends of cartoonist Becky Wilson in 1974.

In Wisconsin, Denis Kitchen and Pete Poplaski designed and manufactured a snappy button for UCWA "Local 2—Milwaukee," nimbly sidestepping the question of whether Kitchen's dual role as publisher and cartoonist created a conflict of interest.

Such accoutrements gave the UG cartoonists' union a semblance of reality and perhaps raised the self-confidence of some individual artists in their dealings with publishers. As long as the UCWA didn't really have to act, it served as a convenient if phantomlike threat.

However, when push came to shove, the UCWA proved to be all but helpless. This fact was demonstrated during the summer of 1974 for one and all to see. For the past year, sales of UG comix had been down disastrously, in large part because of the freeze on the comix' distribution caused by the Supreme Court's 1973 obscenity ruling. The comix business nearly ground to a halt for months on end, with planned books stalled, royalty schedules torpedoed, and more than one UG publisher staring the prospect of bankruptcy in the face.

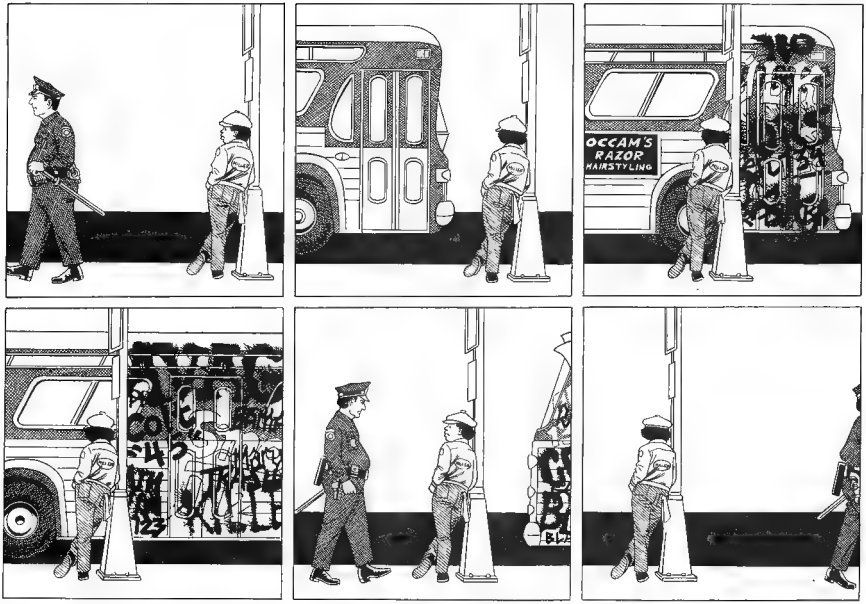
Once the fear of massive obscenity busts across the country was shown to be unfounded, sales began to recover slowly and painfully. Nevertheless, faced with the 1974 recession and increased costs, the publishers were forced to raise the cover price of comix—in most cases from fifty cents to seventy-five cents.

On July 18, 1974, the UCWA met at Spain's to draft a letter to all the UG publishers, demanding a raise in royalties commensurate with the new cover price. Page rates, formerly at $25 per 20,000 copies, should now rise to $37.50. This maintained the standard 10 percent royalty rate—which hardly seemed like an outrageous demand. In fact, in terms of money for time spent, even $37.50 was a pitiful amount. Yet when the letter was written up, signed by UCWA representatives, and delivered to the UG publishers, the cartoonists were rebuffed.

The publishers couldn't afford to raise page rates and still stay in business, they said. "Sorry, gang!" Now that its bluff had been called, the UCWA had no back-up plans. A united response was never developed and a follow-up union meeting was never called.

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



It was left to individual cartoonists and editors to negotiate the best-possible terms in future dealings with publishers. The best-selling comix had *some* leverage in such deals, but most others did not.

Ironically, within a year or so, with the publishers on firmer footing again, royalties did fall in line with the UCWA's demand, and the 10 percent share has been maintained throughout all subsequent price rises. But the United Cartoon Workers as a union was effectively kaput and could hardly take credit for this belated improvement in affairs.

Today the UCWA serves as a nostalgic symbol for the sense of community that bound the UG cartoonists together in the early years. There's a mix of affection and cynicism in Justin Green's voice when he sums up the UCWA as "[just] another merit badge for everybody's covers." Perhaps it was that, but for a short while, at least, it seemed as if it could be a lot more.

New Publications

I've been excited to see the publication of what may the most significant new comic magazine in recent history—and I'm not talking about *Epic*! *Raw* #1, subtitled "The Graphix Magazine of Postponed Suicides," is the joint editorial production of Françoise Mouly and Art Spiegelman. It's a tabloid-sized thirty-six-pager on thick book stock with a special full-color twelve-page 5" × 7¼" comic by Spiegelman bound into the magazine's center spread. Such a format alone would make *Raw* stand out in any bookstore or on any newsstand, but luckily there's more here than lavish design.

Simply put, *Raw* is the next (and necessary) step for comic art to take if the medium is to survive and prosper in this country. Now, this may sound like a strange assertion to make about a magazine with a print run of 5,000 and a $3.50 price tag. It is precisely because of *Raw*'s nonmass nature, however, that it can afford to experiment—and experimentation is essential to the constant revitalization of comics.

Undergrounds played this life-giving role a decade ago, and many of the UG cartoonists who've stuck with it have continued to do exciting work both in UGs and elsewhere. However, it has become increasingly apparent over the past few years that no matter what the content or approach of any given underground comic, the familiar 7" × 10" format carries with it so many overly familiar connotations that often readers and creators alike cannot (to reverse a cliche) see the trees for the forest!

Raw's roomy size allows its two dozen contributors to stretch out and shake their legs. This enables us to appreciate details, textures, and design that would have been lost on newsprint at half the size. This is especially beneficial to a story like French artist Jacques Tardi's "Manhattan," a seven-page *Taxi Driver*–tinged tale of a not so postponed suicide. Tardi's bold high-contrast art would probably work at any size, but here we can pace through its urbanscapes without squinting. Other strips, such as those by Mark Beyer or the Friedman brothers, clearly need this large page size to achieve their full effect. Seeing them in this format is like suddenly coming upon a full-blown original painting after years of seeing only miniature reproductions of it in art books.

Over a third of *Raw*'s material is reprinted from European originals including the first appearances in this country to my knowledge of Spanish artist Mariscal and the French Bazooka gang. The reprints in this first issue give only an introductory indication of the large body of strange comic and graphic art produced overseas and deserving of our attention.

Admittedly, *Raw*'s debut issue is not uniformly great. Several strips and all the text pieces are either trivial, oblique, or both. Furthermore, there's some irony to the fact that the best single comic in this oversized publication is Spiegelman's pocket-sized twelve-page insert—a wacky mixed-genre spoof called "Two Fisted Painters Action Adventures" (which, by the way, is slated to appear soon, full-size, in *Heavy Metal*). Still, the potential is there in *Raw* for a knockout comic-art magazine—and that prospect, as well as *Raw*'s very real pluses, makes an investment in the first issue well worth it.

In addition to *Raw*, Françoise and Art's company, Raw Books, has been publishing an avant-garde series of eight-paged cartoonists' postcards known as Mailbooks. Free info on these, along with copies of *Raw* #1 at $3 50 each plus 50¢ postage, are available from Raw Books, 27 Greene Street, New York, NY 10013

Meanwhile, several enjoyable if less pathbreaking UGs have recently appeared. At the top of the heap is Bob Armstrong's *Mickey Rat* #3, which is subtitled "Adventures in Lightweight Reading." That it is—sort of like a vintage Bilko show—which in these parts is no small compliment. It has been eight years since *Mickey Rat* #2, and in the interim, besides playing saw and accordion in the Cheap Suit Serenaders, Bob has perfected his no-nonsense style

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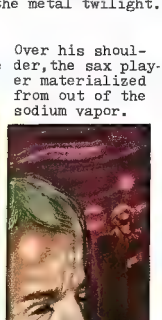
A hot wind bathed our faces like the tongue of a dog.

We passed a gang of Arab hairdressers arguing in front of a white Jaguar.
Their arrogant laughter followed us into the metal twilight.



of storytelling. Wastrel Mickey and bebop horn player Dizzy Ratstein are permanently out of synch with the reality around them, and their exploits are solid chucklers. Perfect summer reading, even if it is fall by the time you read this. ($1.50 postpaid from Last Gasp, P.O. Box 212, Berkeley, CA 94701.)

Perusing Barry Siegel and Bruce Simon's *Party Comics* can be an unnerving experience--rather like waking up into a universe of Eddie Haskells and whoopee cushions. There are few nice guys in *Party Comics*, but plenty of jerks and fools. For the hard-to-please among you, there's even a blind guy with a condom stuck to his forehead and his face smeared with ketchup. Most impressive of all, the boys include a coupon on the back cover entithng the bearer to a free drink (beer, straight shot, or cocktail) when presented in person to Siegel or Simon. Are these guys insane? Quite possibly, but the strips *are* fast-paced and highly readable (if morally questionable). Adults only can get this one for $1.75 postpaid from Siegel & Simon at 2221 Dwight Way #2; Berkeley, CA 94707.

Freak Brothers #6, by Gilbert Shelton with Paul Mavrides and other collaborators, has recently come out, selling out its intial printing of 50,000 copies within the first month. The strips collected in this issue all previously appeared in *Rip Off Comics* #1 through #6, so you may want to check your collections before rushing out to buy this one. ($1.50 postpaid from Rip Off Press, P.O. Box 14158, San Francisco, CA 94114.)

Will Eisner, creator of *The Spirit* and one of the all-time greats of comics, has just produced a superb portfolio of six city scenes. Eisner's draftsmanship and evocative skills are as strong as ever, and these 12″ × 14″ two-color prints are teeming with gritty urban life. Accompanying the prints are narrative poems by Eisner that tread an extremely fine line between insightfulness and sentimentality. This limited edition of 1,500 signed portfolios is available for $17.50 plus $2 for insurance and shipping from Hollybrook Graphics, Route 1, Box 329, Princeton, WI 54968.

As you may know, when Eisner produced *The Spirit* on a weekly basis in the forties and early fifties, he employed a studio of assistants, several of whom became well-known cartoonists in their own right—such as Jules Feiffer, Wally Wood, and the late Bob Powell. One of the best Eisner "ghosts" was Klaus Nordling, an often overlooked artist-writer who produced several delightful ongoing strips for the Quality Comics Group in the mid forties. Among these were "The Barker"—a carny-wise circus adventure series; "Pen Miller"—about a cartoonist-troubleshooter (!); and "Lady Luck"—short, wry tales about a luscious, emerald-skirted crime fighter.

Ken Pierce has now reprinted sixteen of the "Lady Luck" four-page stories in a quality black-and-white paperback, and plans to publish the remainder of the "Lady Luck" strips in two further volumes. "Lady Luck" was Nordling's most compressed work—the plots suffer accordingly—but his puckish feeling for characterization and his crisp brush work are still a delight to behold. The selection in this book seems to draw upon both early and later strips, which it is fascinating to compare. Unfortunately, the last six strips here appear to be chiefly the work of unnamed ghosts and hardly equal to the others. Questions on matters like this could easily be answered if Pierce were to include a short historical introduction putting the work in context. Alas, not even the dates and titles for the original appearances of the strips are provided, surely a simple enough detail. Quibbles aside, Nordling's work is as fresh as ever, and I look forward to Volume Two. (*Lady Luck, Vol. One*, is $5.95 postpaid from Ken Pierce, P.O. Box 332, Park Forest, IL 60466.)

Are you ready to leave yet?
He seemed to have regained his vision.
Look, if you have any more interesting dreams, send me a postcard--here's my address.
Good-bye!
Dreams? What kind of dreams?
The party was over. The virgin tablecloths were bloodied and stained; cigarette butts swam like spermatozoa in bowls of melted ice cream, koolecting in dusty drifts across the redressed vinyl floor.
The hostess moved from table to table like a drowsy hummingbird.
Excuse me--do you know where Quintana is?

COMIX INT'L
by Maurice Horn

continued from page 7

the field has to take these into account.

Japan, like the Western world, has a strong tradition of visual narratives, going back to the medieval picture scroll (*emakimono*) and the classical picture book (*ezoshi*). The official birth date of the Japanese comic strip is usually given as 1905, when Rakuten Kitazawa, "the father of Japanese comics," founded the *Tokyo Puck*. Kitazawa was a colorful character who created literally scores of comic strips, started his own school of art, had one-man shows of his works in Europe and the U.S., and was at one point the highest-paid newspaperman in Japan. After his death, the Museum of Cartoon Art was established in his memory in his native city of Omiya.

The Japanese enthusiastically embraced the new medium. Following Kitazawa's lead, countless cartoonists tried their hand at this fledgling field, which they called *manga* (a term applied to both comics and cartoons). Ippei Okamoto (who turned out numerous comic strips on traditional Japanese themes), Suiho Tagawa (who created *Norakuro*, the longest-running strip in the history of Japanese comics), and Yutaka Aso (author of *Nonkina Tousan*, the first Japanese daily newspaper strip) are the most notable. By 1918 the Japanese were so numerous and active in the field that they managed to establish the world's first professional association of cartoonists, the Manga Kourakukai. The Japanese also published the first cheap, mass-produced, regularly scheduled comic books as far back as the twenties. Printed on pulp paper and distributed monthly, these actually predate the American comic book by a good ten years.

All these developments would not have been possible without the support of the reading public, despite the disapproval of conservative circles. This popularity carried with it a price to be paid: as in the U.S., cartoonists in Japan were pressed into propaganda service in the course of World War II. When the war's end came to Japan, the comics, like virtually everything else, lay in ruins.

Enter the King

After an initial period of prostration, the Japanese cartoonists rebounded with their legendary resilience. The American occupation had the beneficial effect of cutting the Japanese strip loose from some of its more desiccated traditions, and Japanese comics took on a more Occidental outlook. One artist, more than any other, came to typify the renascense of postwar Japanese comic art: Osamu Tezuka.

Born in Osaka in 1926, Tezuka did not at first contemplate a career in the comics. While a med student at Osaka University, he drew his first comic stories for a children's magazine to help put himself through his internship. That was in 1946; the next year he enjoyed tremendous success with his best-selling comic book *The New Treasure Island*, an imaginative re-creation of the classic Stevenson tale. Soon Tezuka forsook medicine as he embarked on a meteoric cartooning career that was to earn him by unanimous acclaim the title "King of Japanese Comics."

Tezuka has worked for many publics (boys, girls, adults) and in many genres; he has excelled, and often pioneered, in all of them. His versatility is truly amazing, and he seems to romp effortlessly from fairy tales to horror stories, and from historic reconstruction to scientific speculation. Since most of Tezuka's work in the comics is unknown to the American public, here is a brief rundown of his most important creations, as an introduction to the man and his work.

Of Tezuka's innumerable comic strips, his Westerns (*Black Canyon, Lemon Kid*) may strike us as the most exotic. It is startling to see his unmistakably Japanese-looking heroes shoot it out against no less Oriental-appearing villains (named Monster, Saboteur, Killer, and the like) on the American frontier. Tezuka, however,

feels equally at ease in the company of seventeenth-century pirates (*Brave Dan*, about a spirited cabin boy), nineteenth-century vampires (in a story entitled simply—what else?—*Vampire*), medieval warriors (*Ribon the Knight*), and timeless archetypes (*The Pauper Princess*—published in June 1980, it is the artist's most recent comic strip). Among Tezuka's many straight adventure strips special note should be given to *The Adventures of Rock Home*, a Tintin-like, episodic odyssey featuring an adventurous youngster.

In a more serious vein, Tezuka has reached back to some of his own experiences to create *Black Jack*, about the problems, joys, and sorrows of a beginning doctor: it is an untypical but engrossing story. Tezuka is also the author of an intriguing comic-book version of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. Since 1972 he has been working intermittently on a monumental life of Buddha, the latest installment of which is scheduled for release at the end of the year.

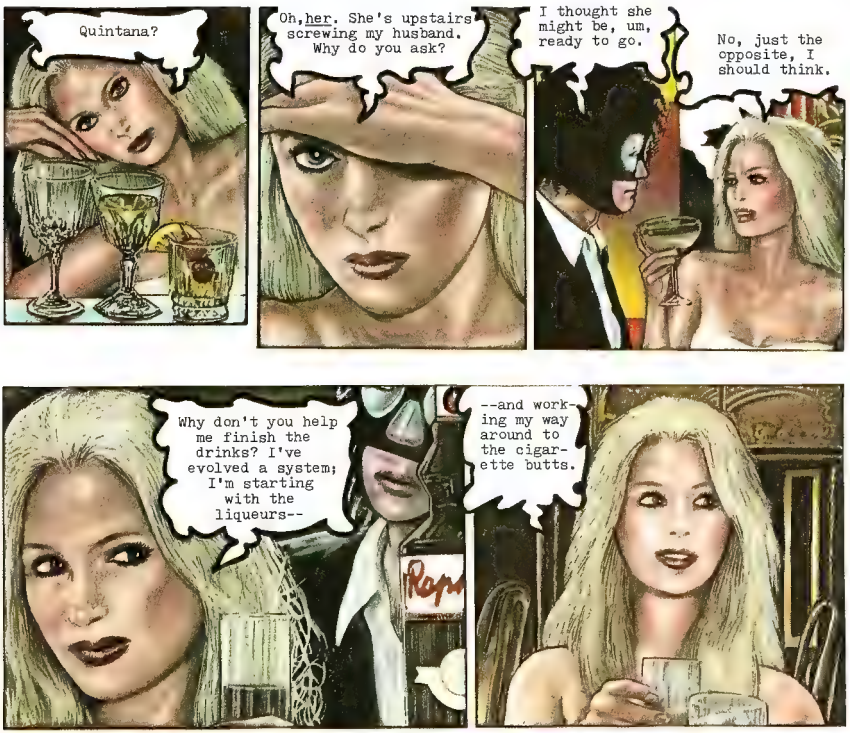
Tezuka is adept also with animals, and it is in his animal strips that his avowed admiration for Walt Disney is most clearly evident. *Jungle Tatei* ("Jungle Emperor," better-known here as *Kimba the White Lion*) is his most famous creation in this field. A switch on the Tarzan myth, it tells of a lion cub who, after being raised among humans, returns to his native African jungle to build a civilized animal society dedicated to preserving the harmony and beauty of the natural world. It is a modulated, and at times lyrical, celebration of the eternal promises and wonders of life. *Jungle Tatei*, which he drew from 1950 to 1954, was Tezuka's first critically acclaimed feature, and it established him as a new master of the form

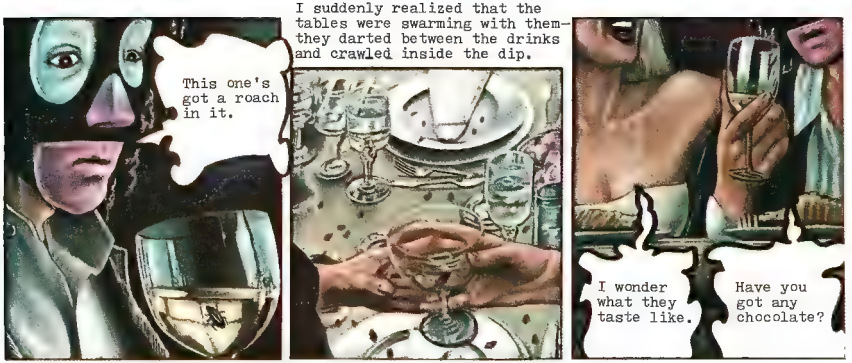
Of all the many genres at which he tried his hand, science fiction remains Tezuka's forte. Among his many contributions to the field, mention should be made of *The World 1,000 Years Later* (time travel into the future), *The Lost World* (time travel back to the prehistoric past), *Metropolis* (subtitled "The Great City in the 20th Century"), *SF and Fancy Free* (slightly askew tales of science fantasy), and *Captain Ken* (a space-opera Western, of all things!). In this unending cascade of creations, *Zero-Man* must be singled out, because it is representative of Tezuka's themes, inspirations, and concerns. In this story of superior human beings teaming up with mere mortals to save Earth from an evil tyrant, the artist displays his highly vaunted talents for invention, evocation, and suspense, as well as the generous—but not maudlin—humanism for which he is noted.

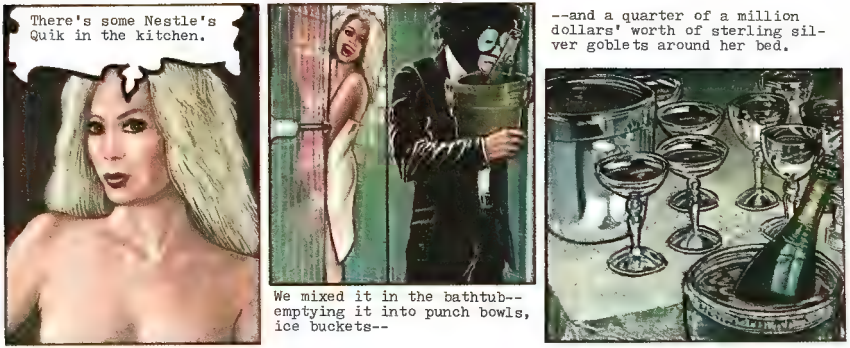
The work that brought Tezuka fame and fortune, *Tetsuwan Atom* ("Mighty Atom"), known to the American public through its animated version, as *Astro Boy*, is also science-fiction related. Tezuka, who, as any reasonable artist should, picks up his ideas wherever he can find them, has woven the theme of Superman into the story of Pinocchio to come up with a robot who serves as a surrogate son to its creator. Dr. Tenma, who had fashioned Atom into the image of his dead teenage son, tired of his creation, because the robot, unlike a real-life boy, could not grow up; and it fell to Dr. Ochanomizu, another scientist, to infuse Atom with a sense of belonging and purpose.

Tetsuwan Atom proved to be Tezuka's most successful and longest-running (1951–68) comic feature, and one can see why. The action was spectacular as the robot, with his computer brain, rocket-propelled legs, and searchlight eyes, engaged in battle with such foes as monster androids, invaders from other galaxies, and renegade robots. This was no run-of-the-mill superhero strip, and Tezuka probed the ethical, psychological, and emotional implications of Atom's particular predicament with acute insight.

Finally there is *The Phoenix*, Tezuka's most puzzling work. Begun in 1967, continued in fits and starts, it has developed into being the art-


Quintana?
Oh, her. She's upstairs screwing my husband. Why do you ask?
I thought she might be, um, ready to go.
No, just the opposite, I should think.
Why don't you help me finish the drinks? I've evolved a system; I'm starting with the liqueurs--
--and working my way around to the cigarette butts.


This one's got a roach in it.
I suddenly realized that the tables were swarming with them—they darted between the drinks and crawled inside the dip.
I wonder what they taste like.
Have you got any chocolate?


There's some Nestle's Quik in the kitchen.
We mixed it in the bathtub--emptying it into punch bowls, ice buckets--
--and a quarter of a million dollars' worth of sterling silver goblets around her bed.

ist's lifelong pursuit and a mirror of his personal obsessions. Utilizing the universal myth of the phoenix (or firebird) as his vehicle, the artist moves the complex story line forward and backward in time and into all dimensions of space, without regard to conventional motivation or causality. There is no doubt that *The Phoenix* is meant to transcend the usual limitations of the comic strip, yet the work has been somewhat of a disappointment so far. One flaw is related to the graphic representation of the phoenix, who, in Tezuka's version, bears an unfortunate resemblance to Chuck Jones's Roadrunner. Another drawback is that Tezuka sometimes comes out sounding muddled when he intends to sound profound. But we should wait to see how the work develops further and, in the meantime, give the artist the benefit of the doubt.

Tezuka is principally a storyteller, and the strength of his narrative technique provides the basis of his popularity and influence. In opposition to the staleness and sterility of many prewar Japanese comic strips, he brings to his creations a sense of light and space, of unlimited horizons and infinite worlds to explore. His methodology is clearly derived from literature and drama: a strong underlying structure, a feeling for the unexpected, and a shrewd building of suspense are his hallmarks. Add to these devices strongly delineated characters (whether they are villains or heroes, human, animal, or artificial, they all come across as living, sentient beings throbbing with energy, desires, and emotions) and you have a winning combination.

Tezuka's peculiar graphic style does not seem at first to support the story line adequately: he blends elements of the grotesque and the realistic in almost equal doses in his drawings, and his characters may emerge as a cross between Mickey Mouse and Flash Gordon. This style (which has become the dominant style of Japanese comics) takes some getting used to (as, in a different vein, American strips such as *Dick Tracy* also do), but it can be extremely rewarding in an exotic way. The artist's sense of composition is superb, and his masterly use of cinematic techniques gets the readers totally engrossed in the story, whatever their prior reservations might have been

In his choice of themes Tezuka has displayed a flair for stories of epic proportions, often harking back to the founts of legend and myth. This predilection for bigger-than-life characters and situations clearly reflects the artist's own longings, and this genuineness in turn created the strong bond of identification that exists between the author and his readers. Furthermore, Tezuka plays on his themes as a musician would, giving them alternate or unexpected variations simply by shifting the key.

It is impossible to discuss Tezuka's career without mentioning his work in animation, first because his contribution to this field was as pivotal as his work in comics, second because it is through his animated cartoons that the artist is best-known in America. Animation in Japan has had a long and distinguished history, but the industry collapsed in the aftermath of World War II, and it took the efforts of Tezuka to revive it almost single-handedly. Thus Tezuka is the only artist, outside of Winsor McCay, to have mastered all the intricacies of two widely different cartoon idioms

Tezuka's animated cartoons (most of which he had produced himself, first under the banner Mushi Productions, currently as Tezuka Productions) fall into two categories: those destined for television and usually aimed at children, and those made for the movie screen. In the first category we find the perennial *Astro Boy*, the first Japanese animated serial, which ran for 192 episodes from 1963 through 1966 (a new version is scheduled for airing on Japanese TV in October of this year). Tezuka followed it with another adaptation of his comic work *Jungle Tatei*, this time in color, followed later by a sequel (American audiences know the first version as *Kimba the White Lion*, but only Canadians have been able to see the sequel so far).

Tezuka's theatrical cartoons are much more artistically ambitious. He started with *The Story*

of a Certain Street Corner, a lyrical affirmation of life in the midst of disaster, a typical Tezuka theme, then came up with the delightful *Pictures at an Exhibition*, based on Mussorgsky's music. In 1969 Tezuka released a ribald, riveting, and riotous version of *A Thousand and One Nights*, possibly the first truly adult cartoon ever produced. His latest effort in the field has been *The Phoenix*, adapted from his comic-book stories, which premiered this year.

From his staggering output it is easy to deduce that Tezuka is a workaholic, pushing himself all the time and sleeping only four or five hours a day. This relentless drive has taken its toll: when I visited Japan three weeks ago, Tezuka was laid up in a Tokyo hospital suffering from acute fatigue and nervous exhaustion. Most of the time, however, Tezuka is on his feet and moving. A short, rotund man, his ever present beret cockily perched on his head, he palpably radiates energy as he explains in rapid-fire Japanese and with ample, decisive gestures his thoughts, methods, and projects, pausing only long enough for his interpreter to convey his words in English. But there is also a lighter, almost impish side to the man: after all, somebody who delights in drawing himself into his comic strips as much as Tezuka does can't take himself all that seriously.

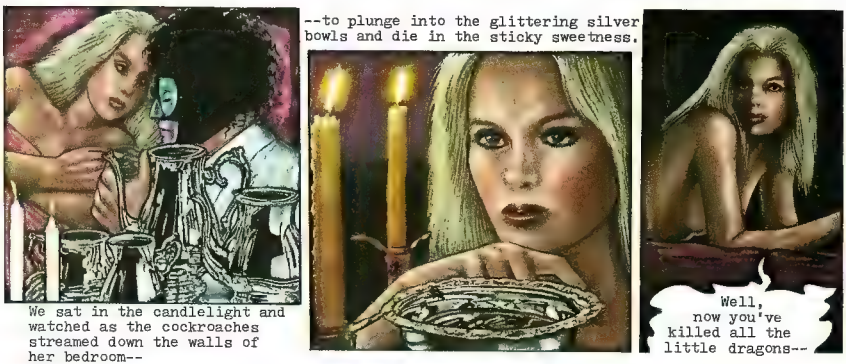
Tezuka's impact on Japanese comics (and animation) has been tremendous. His influence on a whole generation of cartoonists has been stylistic, philosophic, inspirational, and, above all, enduring. There has been a book-length monograph entirely devoted to Tezuka (Mitsutoshi Ishigami's *The Strange World of Osamu Tezuka*, 1977), and the artist has himself written the first volume of his autobiography (*I Am a Cartoonist*, 1979). Unlike his animated cartoons, Tezuka's comics have unfortunately never been translated into English; for those of you not put off by the language barrier, it's an advantage that there are Japanese bookstores carrying comics in virtually every major city in the U.S. and Canada (and it is good to remember that Japanese reads from right to left).

The World of Japanese Comics

In his essay on Japanese cartoonists (*The World Encyclopedia of Cartoons*, 1980), Frederik Schodt, a noted American historian of Japanese popular culture, expresses the hope that "Japanese artists will take an active interest in creating an international audience, because their work often transcends cultural boundaries to achieve a universal statement...." The point is well-taken: the Japanese comics of the last two or three decades have been characterized by their insularity as much as by their almost incredible variety and popularity.

The Japanese, who are as fond of statistics as the Americans are, have calculated that a total of thirteen million comic books are sold weekly in Japan: these include comics for adults, girls, and boys, the latter accounting for a majority of sales (about eight million). Five of the comic books have a weekly average sale of over a million copies (with the best seller among them, the weekly *Boys' Jump*, heading the list at 2,500,000 copies). Figures like these are enough to make an American publisher weep. It is true that the Japanese readers get their money's worth: selling at an average price of 200 yen (less than a dollar), the typical Japanese comic book is 300 pages thick and contains from ten to twenty different features (many in color). Add to these the comics carried by daily newspapers and regular magazines and you arrive at a staggering amount. From these figures, Yoshiya Soeda, professor of sociology at Tsukuba University, near Tokyo, concludes that "it is nearly impossible to examine the life-style of the Japanese people if one ignores the influence of the comics." A large part of the credit for this situation must go to Tezuka and the new brand of comics he introduced.

To characterize this new kind of more dra-


We sat in the candlelight and watched as the cockroaches streamed down the walls of her bedroom--
--to plunge into the glittering silver bowls and die in the sticky sweetness.
Well, now you've killed all the little dragons--

--aren't you going to lay your sword between us?
Hey!
Good morning.
Oh God, I'm going to die--
You'll feel better after you've had some breakfast.
Okay--then I'll die.

Downstairs, Quintana was sitting naked at the breakfast table.

To Be Continued

matic comic strip, the Japanese have coined the term *geki-ga* (in contrast to the humorous *manga*). Not surprisingly, many of Tezuka's disciples have become masters of the form, Shōtarō Ishimori and Reiji Matsumoto chief among them. Ishimori has been particularly adept at mining this rich lode, coming out with such noted features as *Mutant Sabu*, *The Boys' League*, and the highly popular *Cyborg 009*. Working in all genres, Matsumoto has been even more successful, from girl (*Black Petal*) to war strips (*Zero Pilot*); in science fiction he has created, among others, *The Four-Dimensional World*, *Sexaroid*, and *Space Battleship Yamato*, recently turned into a highly rated animation series. Drawing at first in the same vein, Shinji Nagashima later produced what may be the first autobiographical novel in comic-book form with his trilogy *Kiiroi Namida* ("Yellow Tears").

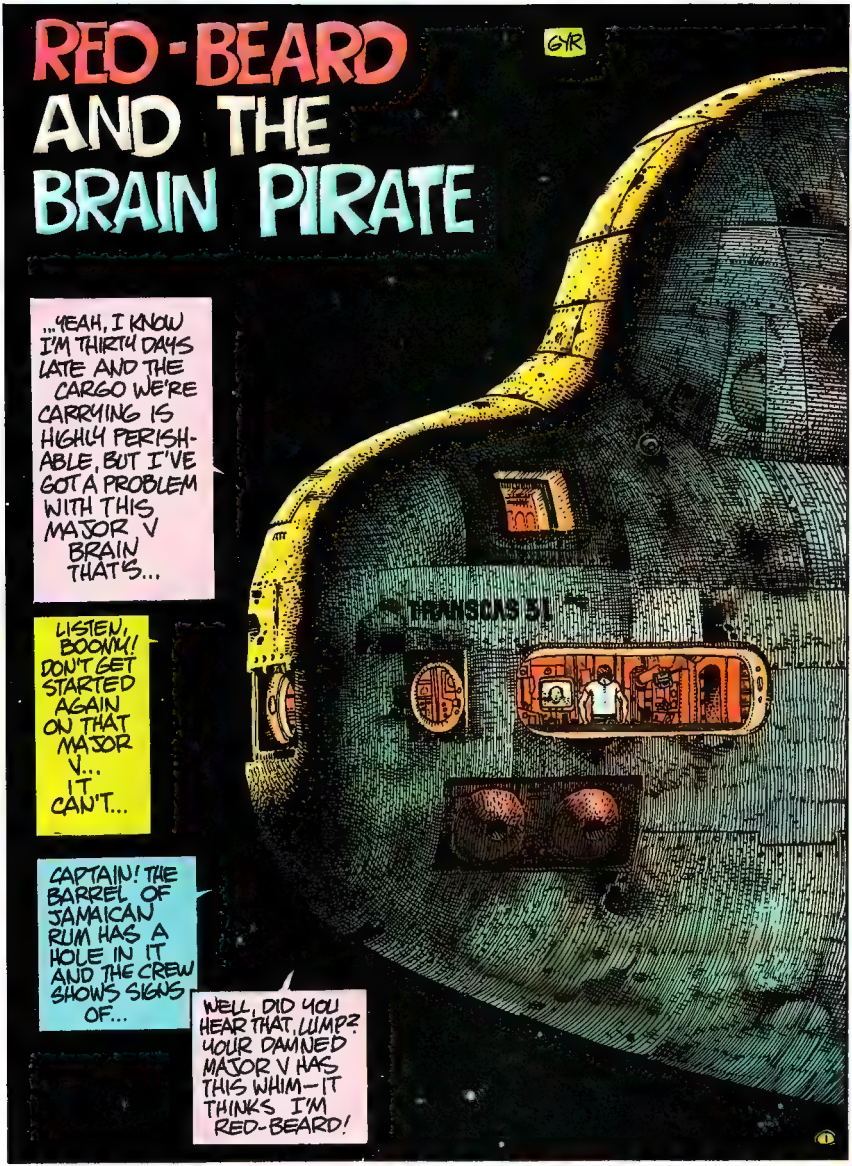
The Tezuka style has also evolved into more illustration-type models. Most representative of this realistic school is Takao Saito, whose many thrillers culminated in *Golgo 13*, about a professional killer, cool, implacable, and nihilistic. Sanpei Shirato, on the other hand, chose to set most of his works in the past, in violent stories about *ninjas*, warriors endowed with superhuman capabilities that they have developed into an art (*ninjutsu*). Shirato's main rival in the field is Gōseki Kojima, justly famous for *A Wolf and His Cub*, a tale of revenge among samurai, filled with cruelty, turmoil, and passion.

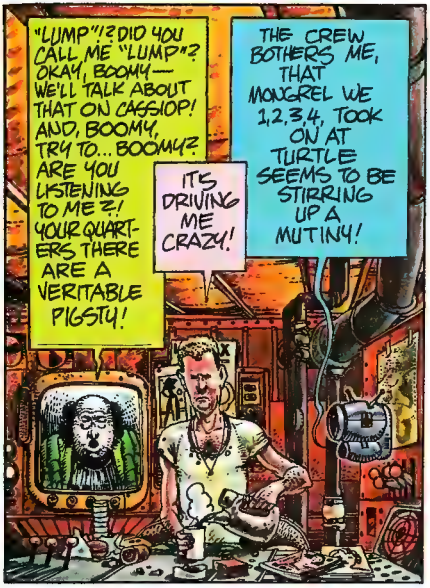
The Japanese comics have produced some remarkable draftsmen, two of them deserving special recognition. A distinguished master of the *jidaimono* genre (tales of samurai warriors), Hiroshi Hirata is extraordinarily effective in period scenes and bravura pieces; his furious, relentless warriors seem literally to leap out of the page. Kō Kojima, on the other hand, is best-known for the eroticism that he brings even to his humor strips. There is more than a touch of the old *ukiyo-e* masters in his drawings, and notably that of Hokusai, whose sinuous line is ideally suited to Kojima's loving depiction of lascivious beauties.

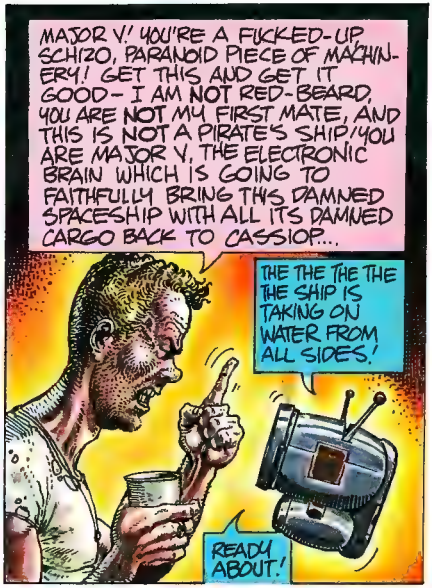
A recent trend in Japanese comics has been the proliferation of black-humor strips, some bordering on the scatological or the sadistic. Their ablest practitioners are Shunji Sonoyama, who savagely satirizes modern civilization in such prehistorically set strips as *The Primitive Man at Midnight* and *Gyatoruzu*; Tatsuhiko Yamagami, the creator of *Gaki Deka*, a kind of monstrous version of *The Katzenjammer Kids*; and Fujio Akatsuka, the leader of the nonsense school of Japanese cartooning.

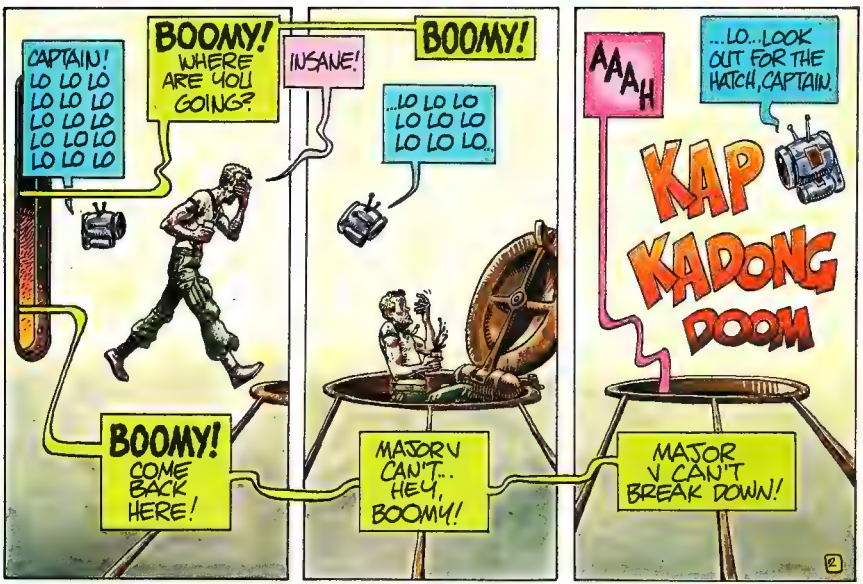
The Japanese comics have also witnessed the rise in recent years of a number of women cartoonists, a very welcome development. They include such talented newcomers as Ryoko Ikeda, who broke out of the girl-comics ghetto with the immensely successful *Rose of Versailles*, a fanciful account of the life of Queen Marie Antoinette of France; Moto Hagio, a prolific artist who has turned out over seventy different comic features since her debut in 1969; Machiko Santonaka, the preeminent purveyor of girl comics; and Yoshiko Tsuchida, whose satires on those very same girl comics have earned her the nickname "female Fujio Akatsuka."

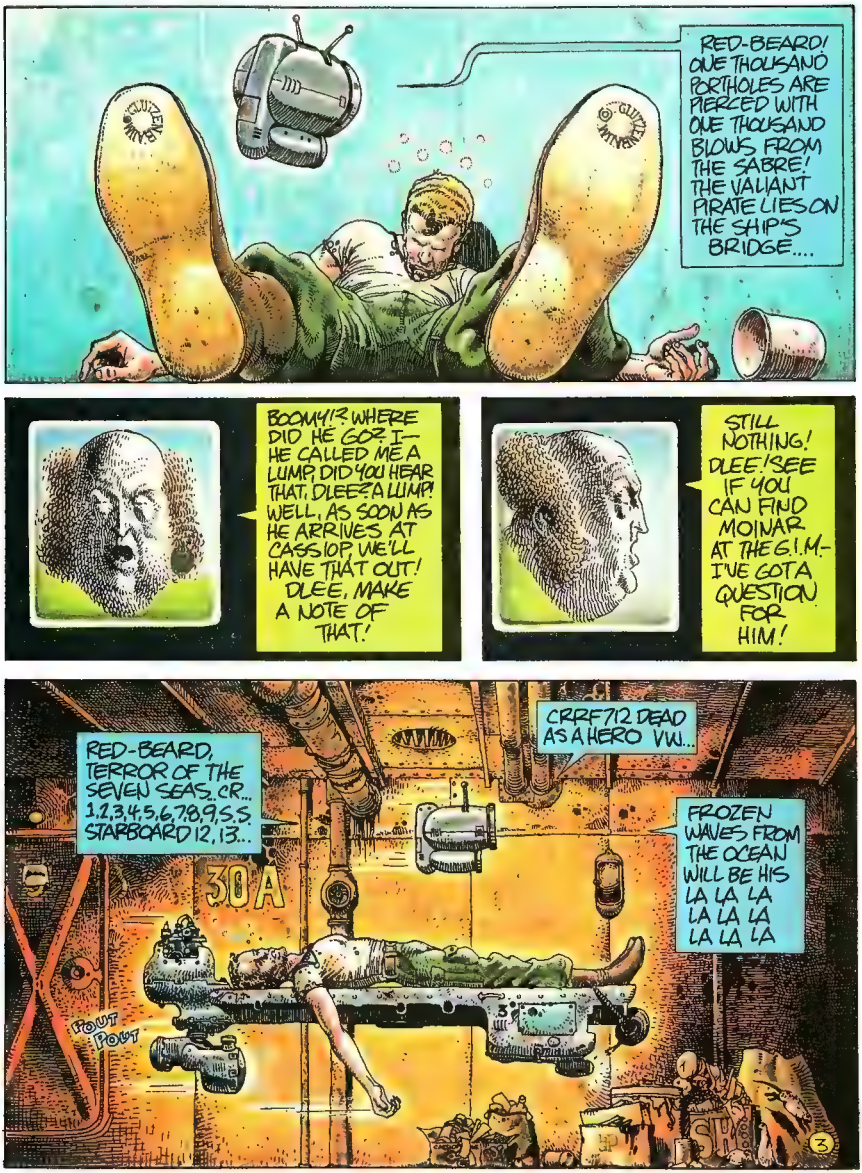
Only a few Japanese cartoonists have managed to get their work before American audiences. Because it deals with a subject of special relevance to Americans—the atom-bombing of Hiroshima—Keiji Nakazawa's monumental *Hadashi no Gen* is in the process of being published here, both in paperback form (as *Barefoot Gen*) and in a series of comic books (*Gen of Hiroshima*, which Jay Kinney mentioned in a recent column). In the March 1980 issue of *Heavy Metal* there was a short piece by Shinoby Kaze, whose graphic style is probably closer to European than to Japanese models. And that's about all. Given the quality, appeal, and artistry of many Japanese comics, it can only be hoped that more of them will find their way onto our shores.


RED-BEARD AND THE BRAIN PIRATE
GIR
...YEAH, I KNOW I'M THIRTY DAYS LATE AND THE CARGO WE'RE CARRYING IS HIGHLY PERISHABLE, BUT I'VE GOT A PROBLEM WITH THIS MAJOR V BRAIN THAT'S...
TRANSCAS 51
LISTEN, BOONK! DON'T GET STARTED AGAIN ON THAT MAJOR V... IT CAN'T...
CAPTAIN! THE BARREL OF JAMAICAN RUM HAS A HOLE IN IT AND THE CREW SHOWS SIGNS OF...
WELL, DID YOU HEAR THAT, LUMP? YOUR DAMNED MAJOR V HAS THIS WHIM—IT THINKS I'M RED-BEARD!

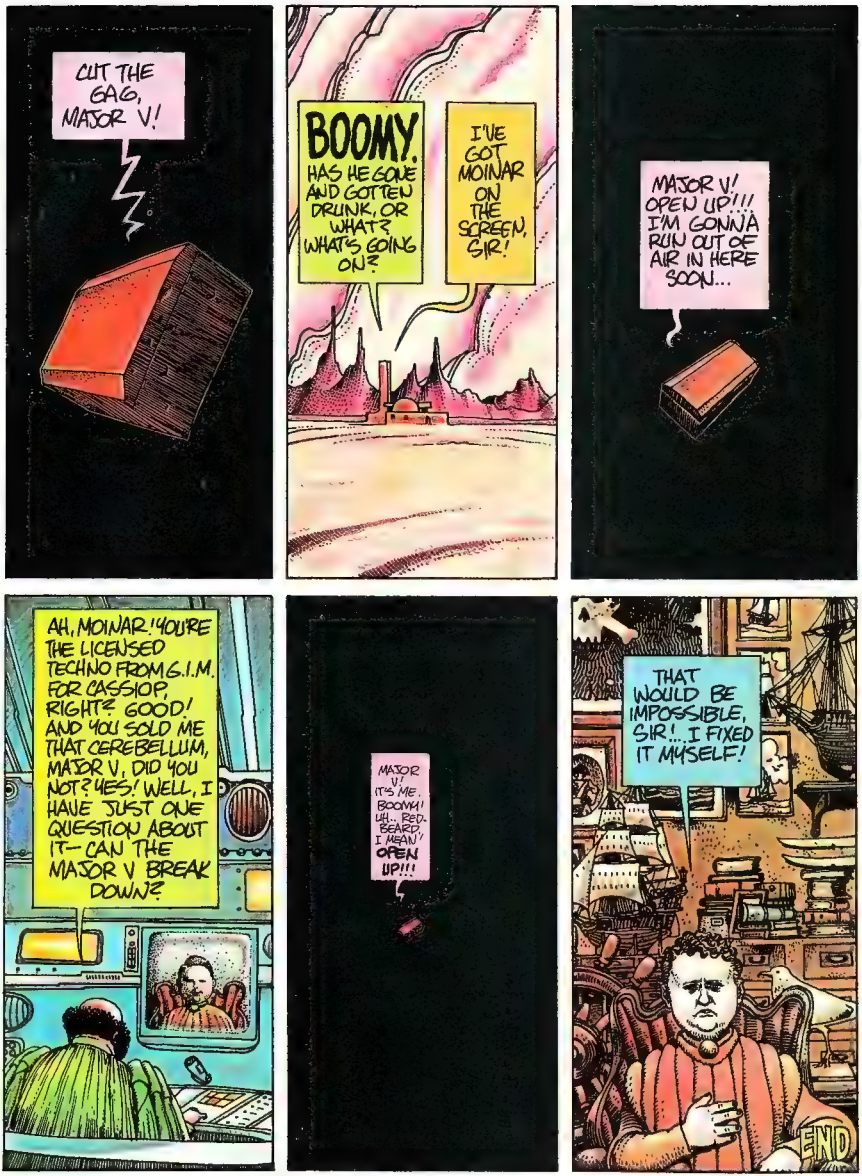

"LUMP"!? DID YOU CALL ME "LUMP"!? OKAY, BOOMY— WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT ON CASSIOP! AND, BOOMY, TRY TO... BOOMY!? ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME!? YOUR QUARTERS THERE ARE A VERITABLE PIGSTY!
THE CREW BOTHERS ME, THAT MONGREL WE 1,2,3,4, TOOK ON AT TURTLE SEEMS TO BE STIRRING UP A MUTINY!
ITS DRIVING ME CRAZY!


MAJOR V.! YOU'RE A FUCKED-UP SCHIZO, PARANOID PIECE OF MACHINERY! GET THIS AND GET IT GOOD— I AM NOT RED-BEARD, YOU ARE NOT MY FIRST MATE, AND THIS IS NOT A PIRATE'S SHIP! YOU ARE MAJOR V, THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN WHICH IS GOING TO FAITHFULLY BRING THIS DAMNED SPACESHIP WITH ALL ITS DAMNED CARGO BACK TO CASSIOP...
THE THE THE THE THE SHIP IS TAKING ON WATER FROM ALL SIDES!
READY ABOUT!


CAPTAIN! LO LO LO LO LO LO LO LO LO LO LO LO
BOOMY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
INSANE!
BOOMY!
...LO LO LO LO LO LO LO..
AAAH
...LO...LOOK OUT FOR THE HATCH, CAPTAIN
KAP KADONG DOOM
BOOMY! COME BACK HERE!
MAJOR V CAN'T.. HEY, BOOMY!
MAJOR V CAN'T BREAK DOWN!


RED-BEARD! ONE THOUSAND PORTHOLES ARE PIERCED WITH ONE THOUSAND BLOWS FROM THE SABRE! THE VALIANT PIRATE LIES ON THE SHIP'S BRIDGE....
BOOM4!? WHERE DID HE GO? I— HE CALLED ME A LUMP, DID YOU HEAR THAT, DLEE? A LUMP! WELL, AS SOON AS HE ARRIVES AT CASSIOP, WE'LL HAVE THAT OUT! DLEE, MAKE A NOTE OF THAT!
STILL NOTHING! DLEE! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND MOINAR AT THE G.I.M.- I'VE GOT A QUESTION FOR HIM!
RED-BEARD, TERROR OF THE SEVEN SEAS, CR... 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,S.S. STARBOARD 12, 13...
CRRF7!2 DEAD AS A HERO VW...
FROZEN WAVES FROM THE OCEAN WILL BE HIS LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
30A
POUT POUT
3

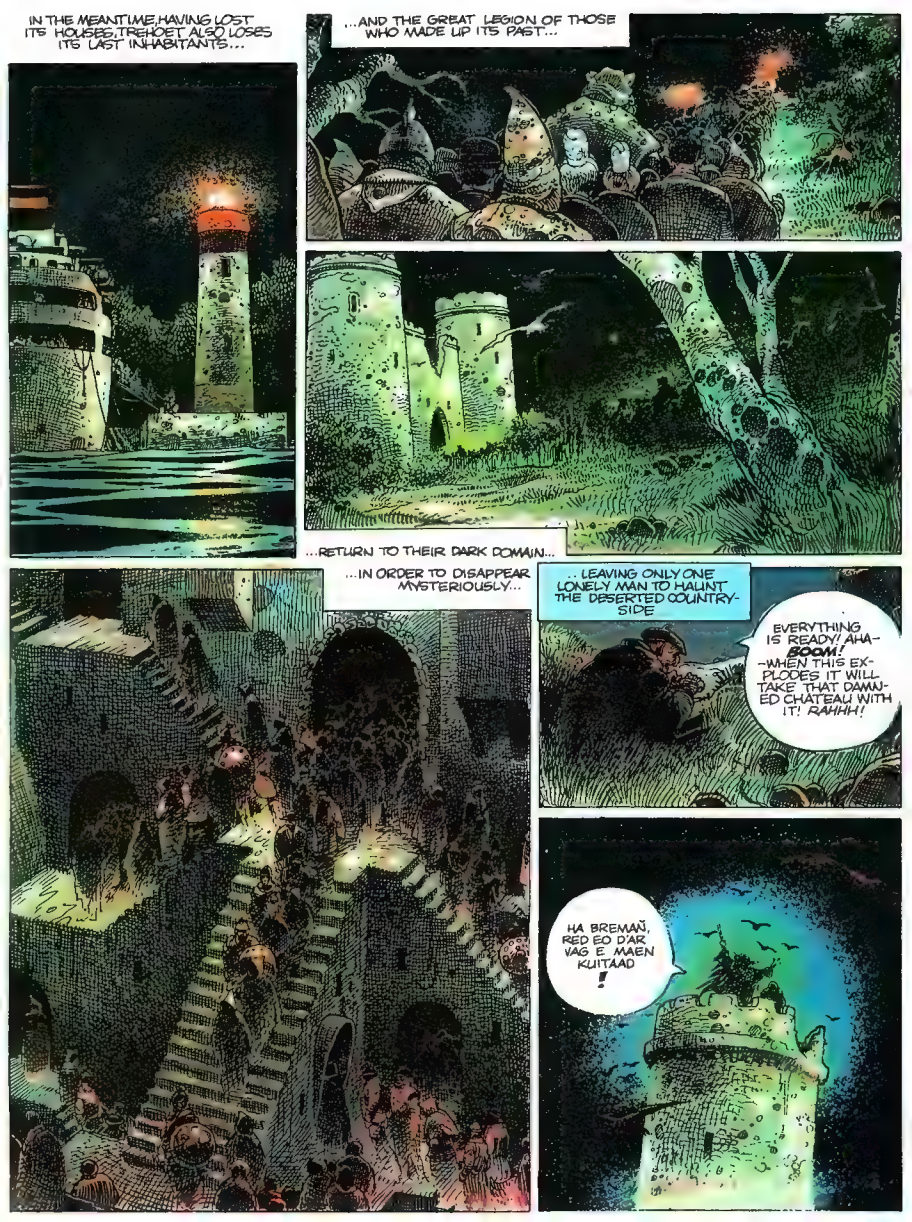
OOOH!... MY HEAD! BUT WHERE AM I???
...LA LA LAST RESTING PLACE... HOIST THE JIB... STARBOARD JIB... FBZB 12345 GBRCIVERLIBED BR202 COMMERCIAL INTERGALACTIC TRANS POR POR POR ZZZZZZZ POR TO PORT ZZZZZZZZ
PORPORTOPORT PORPORTOPOR
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT AM I DOING IN THIS BOX?
23
4

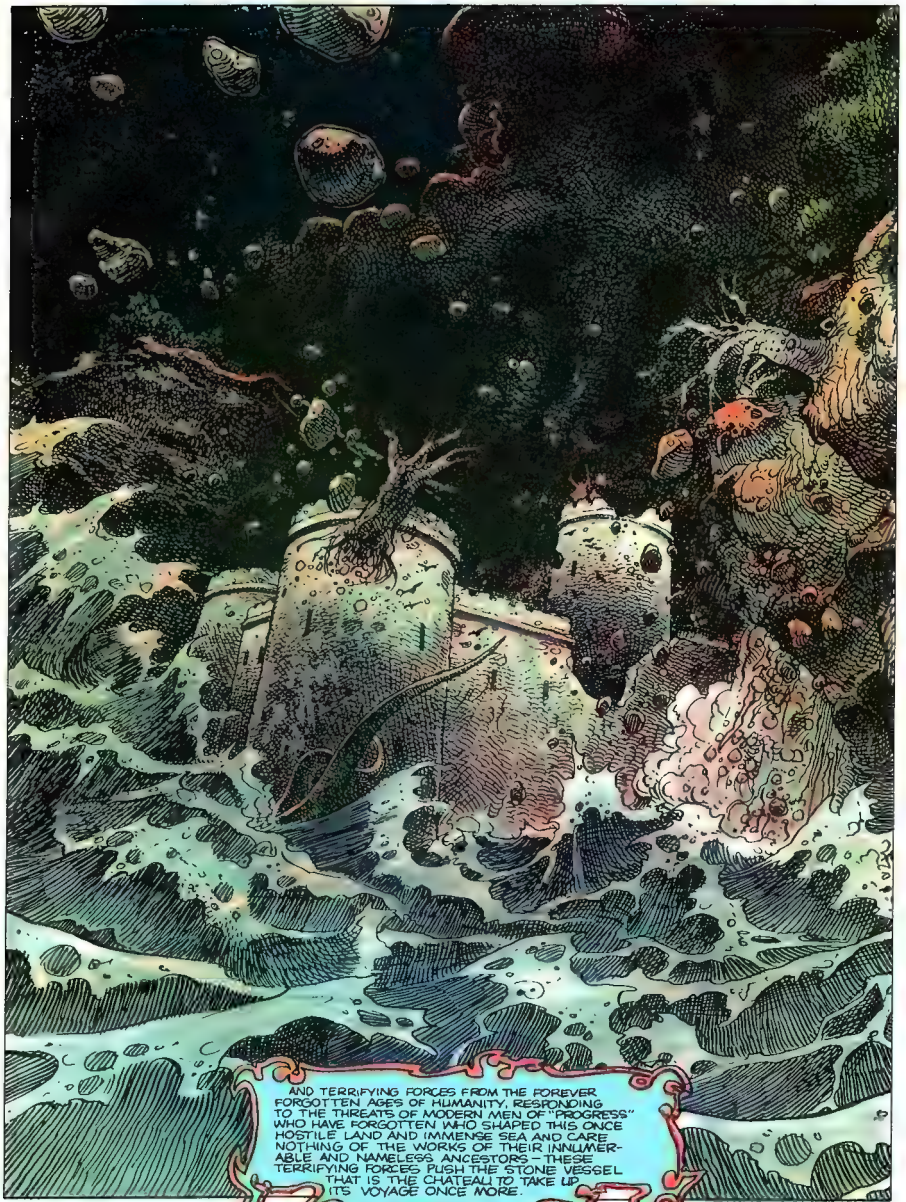

CUT THE GAG, MAJOR V!
BOOMY, HAS HE GONE AND GOTTEN DRUNK, OR WHAT? WHAT'S GOING ON?
I'VE GOT MOINAR ON THE SCREEN, SIR!
MAJOR V! OPEN UP!!! I'M GONNA RUN OUT OF AIR IN HERE SOON...
AH, MOINAR! YOU'RE THE LICENSED TECHNO FROM G.I.M. FOR CASSIOP, RIGHT? GOOD! AND YOU SOLD ME THAT CEREBELLUM, MAJOR V, DID YOU NOT? YES! WELL, I HAVE JUST ONE QUESTION ABOUT IT— CAN THE MAJOR V BREAK DOWN?
MAJOR V! IT'S ME, BOOMY! UH... RED BEARD, I MEAN! OPEN UP!!!
THAT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE, SIR!... I FIXED IT MYSELF!
END

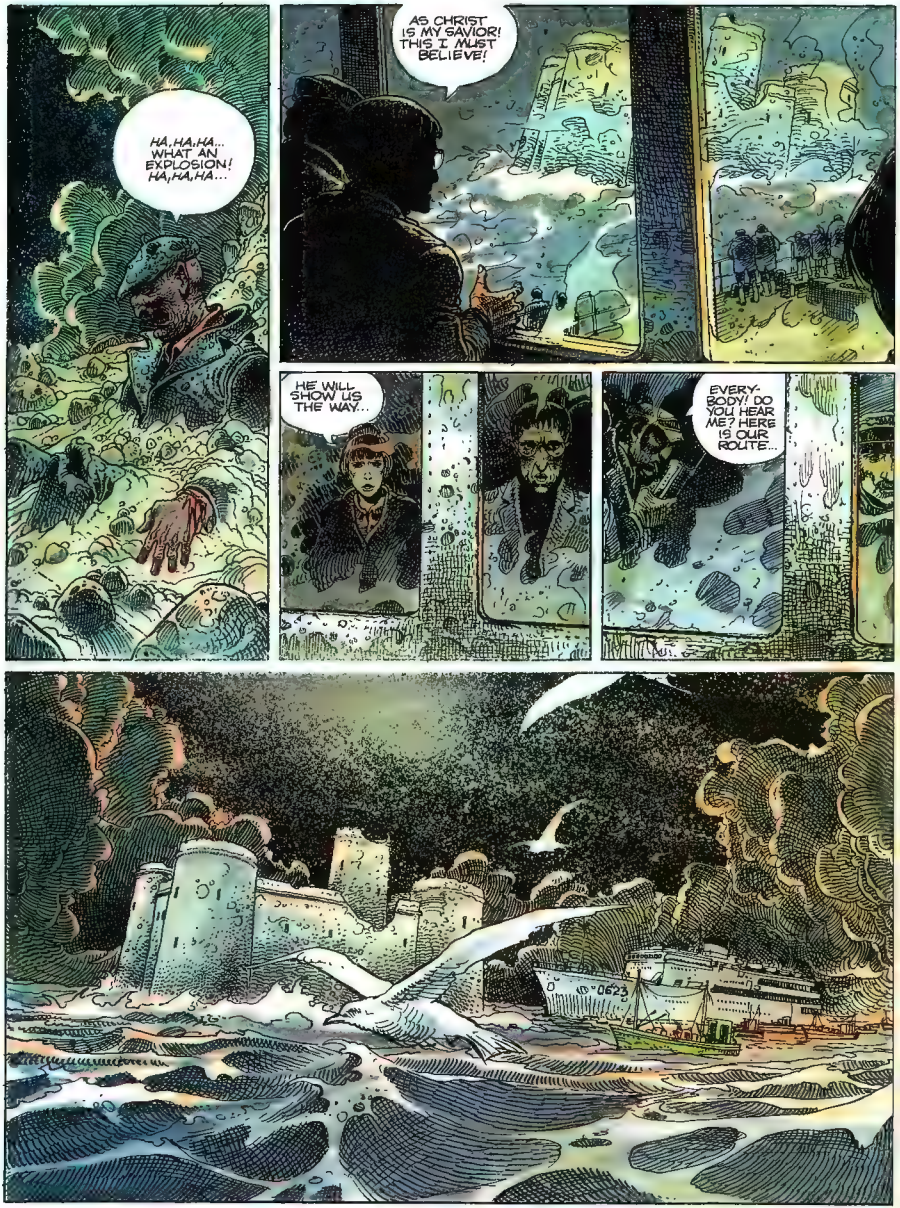
WHILE THE HERMIT CONTEMPLATES THE SEA WITH BLIND EYES
...INTENSE ACTIVITY GOES ON IN TREHOET...
AS SLATE BY SLATE..
...BEAM AFTER BEAM... ...STONE BY STONE...
...THE WHOLE VILLAGE DISAPPEARS...
PROGRESS!
CONCLUSION
BY CHRISTIN AND BILAL

WE'VE TAKEN ENOUGH!
AND IN FULL FORCE THEY LOAD AS MUCH AS THE ODD FLOTILLA CAN HOLD.
...WHILE THE LAND ITSELF ERASES THE SIGNS ACCUMULATED THERE...
... BY THE VARIOUS PEOPLES WHO SUCCEEDED EACH OTHER AT TREHOET...
WE'VE GOT TO FINISH UP HERE ..THE TIDE WILL BE GOING OUT SOON...

WE'RE ALMOST DONE...
EVERYONE GET ABOARD!
I SAW HIM UNROLLING A BIG WIRE...
SURE, BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING?
YA!
AND JOSEPH? HAS ANYONE SEEN HIM?
I DID! HE WAS UP ON THE ROCKS WITH HIS SUITCASE NOT LONG AGO...
HE MADE ME LOOK ALL OVER FOR MATCHES..
IT'S MY IDEA THAT...
YEAH, WELL, IT'S TOO BAD FOR JOSEPH IF HE DOESN'T WANT TO LEAVE..
HE SAYS THAT HE WILL GUIDE US ON OUR VOYAGE, BUT YOU HAVE TO GO BACK WITH HIM TO THE CHATEAU. A MAN OF TODAY MUST UNDO WHAT MEN OF THE PAST HAVE DONE ...
GOOD..
AND WE'LL GET UNDERWAY..
HE ASKS THAT YOU COME WITH HIM...


IN THE MEANTIME, HAVING LOST ITS HOUSES, TREHOET ALSO LOSES ITS LAST INHABITANTS...
...AND THE GREAT LEGION OF THOSE WHO MADE UP ITS PAST...
...RETURN TO THEIR DARK DOMAIN...
...IN ORDER TO DISAPPEAR MYSTERIOUSLY...
...LEAVING ONLY ONE LONELY MAN TO HAUNT THE DESERTED COUNTRY-SIDE
EVERYTHING IS READY! AHA- BOOM! -WHEN THIS EX-PLODES IT WILL TAKE THAT DAMN-ED CHATEAU WITH IT! RAHHH!
HA BREMAÑ, RED EO DAR VAG E MAEN KUITAAD !


AND TERRIFYING FORCES FROM THE FOREVER FORGOTTEN AGES OF HUMANITY, RESPONDING TO THE THREATS OF MODERN MEN OF "PROGRESS" WHO HAVE FORGOTTEN WHO SHAPED THIS ONCE HOSTILE LAND AND IMMENSE SEA AND CARE NOTHING OF THE WORKS OF THEIR INNUMERABLE AND NAMELESS ANCESTORS — THESE TERRIFYING FORCES PUSH THE STONE VESSEL THAT IS THE CHATEAU TO TAKE UP ITS VOYAGE ONCE MORE.

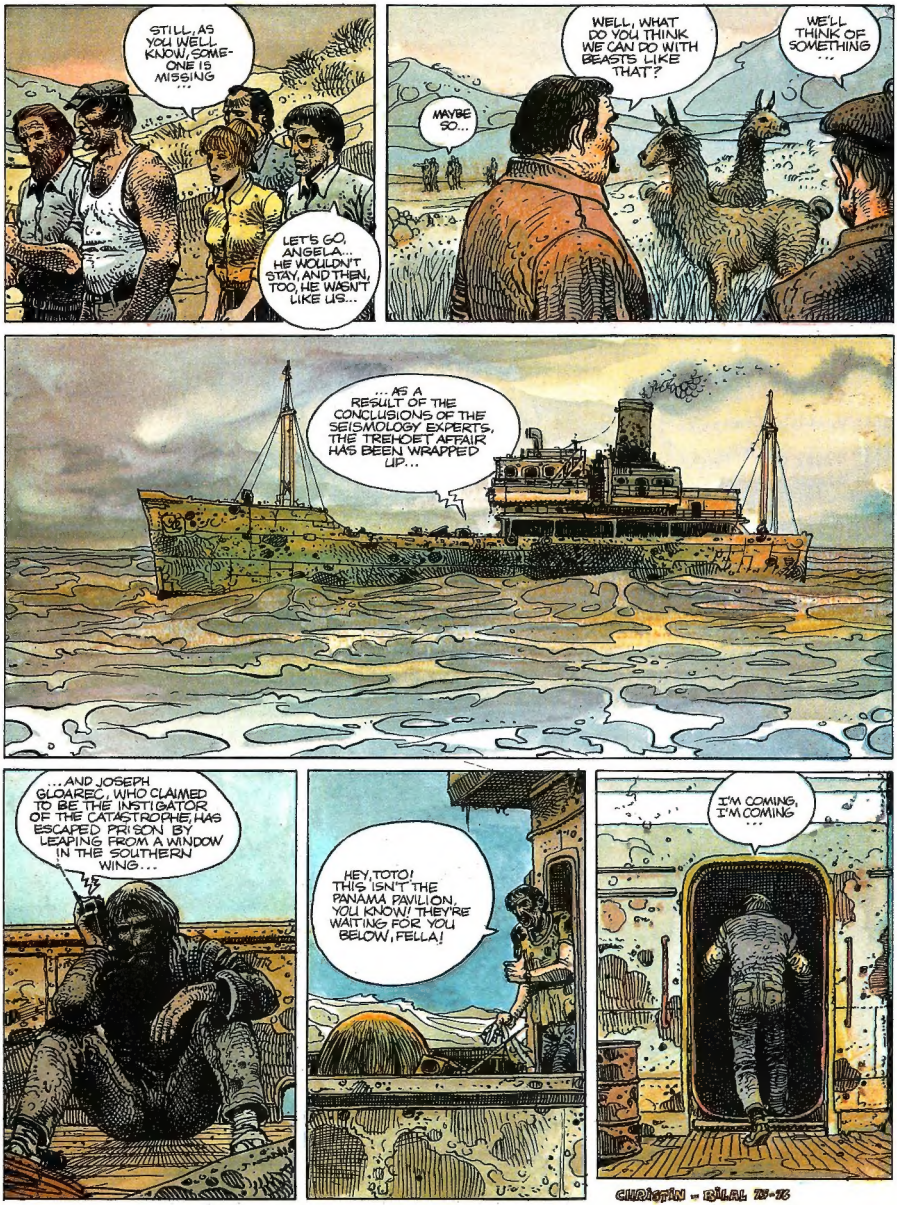

HA,HA,HA... WHAT AN EXPLOSION! HA,HA,HA...
AS CHRIST IS MY SAVIOR! THIS I MUST BELIEVE!
HE WILL SHOW US THE WAY...
EVERY-BODY! DO YOU HEAR ME? HERE IS OUR ROUTE...
0623

ABOARD LASTAPIC'S YACHT
THIS LITTLE PARTY HAS GONE PRETTY WELL
MMMM... DAWN IS ALMOST HERE...
PERHAPS... BUT IN THIS FOG, WHO CAN TELL?
HEY...!
WHAT?!
CRAAACK
QUICK! INTO THE LIFE-BOATS!
WE'RE LUCKY THE SEA IS SO CALM--AT LEAST WE'LL BE ABLE TO SAVE EVERYONE...
DID YOU SEE WHAT I SAW, MY DEAR?
NO... WE WERE ALL DREAMING, BELIEVE ME...

THE YACHT IS GOING DOWN...
BAH, THE INSURANCE WILL COVER IT!
TREHOET –WHERE IS IT?
AND THE CHATEAU?
HA, HA, HA, TREHOET AND THE CHATEAU, BOOM...
?
HEY, MR. ENGINEER!
HEY THERE, YOU! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
HA, HA, HA, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!
FIFTEEN KILOS OF EXPLOSIVES I HAD TO LUG ABOUT, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT!
OH GOD! THE BOSS AND HIS GUESTS!

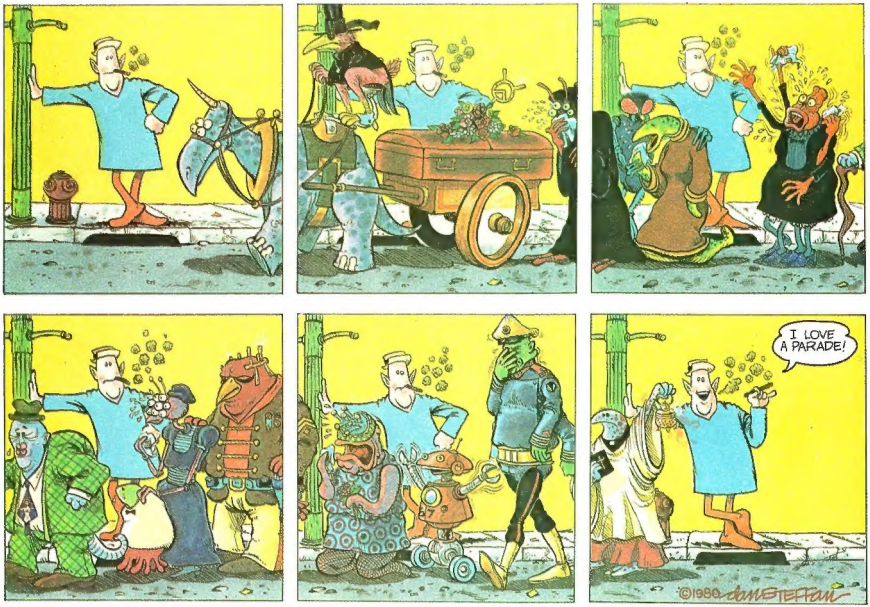
THEY'LL COMPLETELY RUIN THE CAR SEATS...
DAMNED REVELERS... THEY'LL DO ANYTHING TO AMUSE THEMSELVES...
DURING THE FOLLOWING DAYS..
...JOSEPH GOULVEN, WHOSE HISTORY CAN BE TRACED BACK AS FAR AS 1927, WHEN HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE BRETON AUTONOMIST PARTY, AND WHO DURING THE WAR WAS PLACED IN THE BEGENN PERROT UNDER THE GERMAN HIGH COMMANDER, AND, MORE RECENTLY, IN THE STROLLARD AR VRAI IN THE SIXTIES, CLAIMS TO BE THE ONLY PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE LITTLE PORT OF TREHOET...
... SPECIALISTS IN EXPLOSIVES DON'T FEEL THAT THEY HAVE AN ADEQUATE EXPLANATION FOR THE MAGNITUDE OF DESTRUCTION WHICH DEVASTATED THE REGION OF ABER... GEODYNAMIC STUDIES AND SUBMARINE CORE SAMPLES ARE BEING TAKEN NOW TO DETERMINE THE ACTUAL CAUSES...
THIS PERSISTENT FOG? ACTUALLY, IT'S A METEOROLOGICAL ANOMALY, BUT THE CLOUD FORMATIONS OF WHICH IT IS A PART ARE MOVING WITH UNUSUAL SLOWNESS ALONG THE GULF STREAM...
I KNOW... I'S PROUD OF YOU... BE PROUD OF HER...
...AND THERE'S NO WORD YET FROM THE GOVERNMENT ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE CONSTRUCTION SITE SIX DAYS AGO... THE PIRACY AND THEFT OF A SHIP FROM THE NEARBY ARSENAL HAS PRODUCED IMPORTANT UPHEAVALS IN THE HEART OF THE HIERARCHY, AND STRONG WORDS FROM THE MINISTRY OF THE ARMED FORCES...
SO, MISTER LASTAPIC, THE TREHOET GRAND COMPLEX PROJECT HAS SUNK BENEATH THE WAVES, HASN'T IT?
NONSENSE! LISTEN MY DEAR FELLOW, I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE MANY PROBLEMS THOSE RURAL PEASANTS CAUSED US...
A VIRGIN TERRAIN LIKE THIS, IT'S EVEN BETTER, BELIEVE ME - A GOLD MINE! DID YOU KNOW THAT ALREADY I'VE HAD PROPOSITIONS FROM THE EDF FOR A NUCLEAR POWER CENTER HERE?
THE PROBLEM, OF COURSE, WILL BE TO COMBINE THE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT WITH TOURISM, BUT I CHECKED WITH QUALITY OF LIFE IN PARIS AND EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE WORKING OUT...

AND LATER, FAR AWAY—MUCH LATER AND MUCH FARTHER AWAY, AS TREHOET IS ALREADY BECOMING FORGOTTEN IN THE COUNTRY TO WHICH IT ONCE BELONGED...
THAT'S ALMOST IT!
YEAH, WE'VE REALLY DONE IT!
AND WHAT AN INCREDIBLE TRIP IT WAS..
..THESE COASTAL WATERS ARE PERFECT...
AND THE LAND IS GOOD FOR WORKING..
WELL, THERE'S PLENTY OF WORKING YET TO BE DONE, THAT'S FOR SURE
AM FRUIT SELL
AND THE OLD MAN?
STILL UP THERE, STILL SILENT...
WELL, WE'VE COVERED OURSELVES.. WE'VE MADE UP A WHOLE STORY... THIS IS NOT SO VERY DIFFERENT A PLACE...
AND WE GOT A GOOD RECEPTION
EVEN SO, WE'LL HAVE TO GET IN CONTACT WITH THE AUTHORITIES HERE...
I RAN INTO A COLLEAGUE IN THE BACK COUNTRY YESTERDAY.. RATHER SUPERSTITIOUS, I THOUGHT... BUT A GOOD SORT.. HE IS GOING TO TALK TO THE BISHOP AND HE ASSURED ME OF HIS HELP
POISSON
YOU SEE, FOR THE RECORDER YOU BREATHE LIKE THIS
AND FOR THE BAGPIPES LIKE THIS...
TO PLAY THE FLUTE, IT'S LIKE THIS...
THE FESTIVAL TONIGHT WITH ALL THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS WILL BE MARVELOUS
IT'S A GOOD THING I PUT A FEW BOTTLES ASIDE...
YES, BUT JUST THE SAME IT'S A SAD THING TO SCUTTLE A SHIP THAT'S STILL IN GOOD CONDITION
BAH! IT'S JUST A TRASHY OLD WARSHIP THAT SERVED ITS PURPOSE.. WE'LL HAVE A JOYOUS CELEBRATION


STILL, AS YOU WELL KNOW, SOMEONE IS MISSING...
LET'S GO, ANGELA... HE WOULDN'T STAY, AND THEN, TOO, HE WASN'T LIKE US...
MAYBE SO...
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK WE CAN DO WITH BEASTS LIKE THAT?
WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING...
...AS A RESULT OF THE CONCLUSIONS OF THE SEISMOLOGY EXPERTS, THE TREHOET AFFAIR HAS BEEN WRAPPED UP...
...AND JOSEPH GLOAREC, WHO CLAIMED TO BE THE INSTIGATOR OF THE CATASTROPHE, HAS ESCAPED PRISON BY LEAPING FROM A WINDOW IN THE SOUTHERN WING...
HEY, TOTO! THIS ISN'T THE PANAMA PAVILION, YOU KNOW! THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU BELOW, FELLA!
I'M COMING, I'M COMING...

STANDING ON THE CORNER

BY DAN STEFFAN



COMING NEXT MONTH

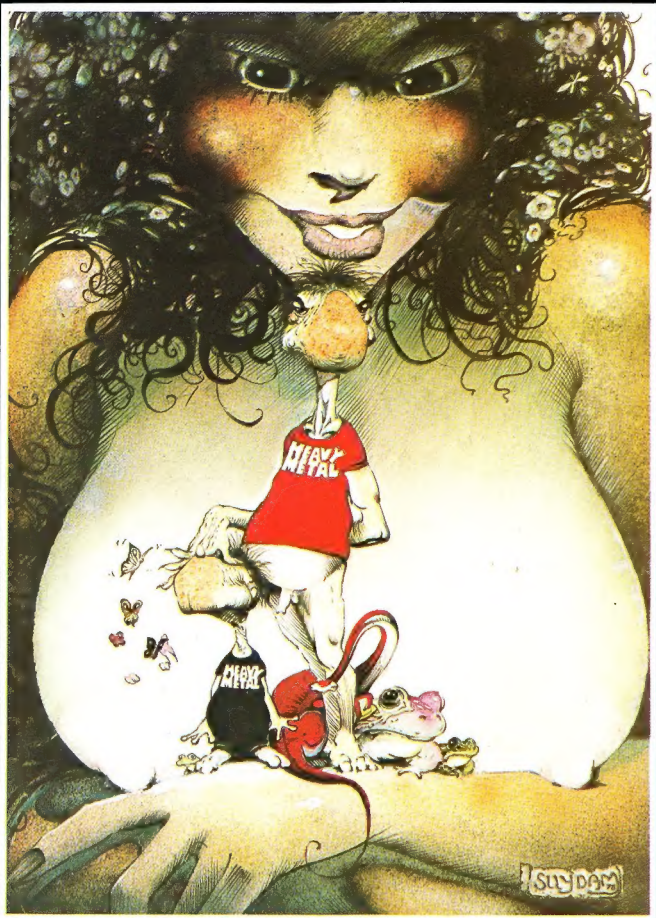
REFLECTION brings to life once again Valentina, created by Crepax, the Italian artist who achieved fame with his illustrated version of *The Story of O*. Coupled with an interview with this master of sexual fantasies, December proves to be— how you say? — tantalizing. Ah yes!

BLOODSTAR, the Robert E. Howard classic, brought to you this time in living color by Richard Corben. The legend of BLOODSTAR will never die. He was the first hero of the age of smoke and fire. And he was the first hero of the new times to stand against the dark. Together we will read the story of Bloodstar, who slew the hideous worm.

THE TAILOR OF FOG, another lovely color strip by the Schuiten brothers. After his town is covered with fog, this tailor cuts his way to normality. And of course saves the beautiful girl.

AND. . .just a whisper of Jeff Jones's new book, *Yesterday's Lily*, and more Moebius. Plus: Dick Matena's MAN'S BEST FRIEND, the continuation of ROCK OPERA, and WHAT IS REALITY, PAPA? The end of 1980 also brings us to the end of our columns. A new format will be introduced come January of 1981. Look for it.

"My men wear HEAVY METAL t-shirts, or they wear nothing at all."



"You're not whistling 'Dixie,' little lady! We only wear the finest form-fitting cotton . . . which I feel accentuates my manly physique. Ray here likes the way the colors blend with his ruddy complexion. No matter what you look like, the HEAVY METAL t-shirt (available in red or black) is the message for summer."

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In this issue...
Moebius meets a mechanical pirate.
Caza goes to the opera.
Claveloux plays house.
All this and more, while Bilal makes Progress.